A

CONTINUATION

of

Sir PHILIP SYDNEY'S

ARCADIA:

Wherein is handled

The LOVES of

AMPHIALUS and HELENA

Queen of *Corinth*, Prince

PLANGUS and ERONA.

With the Hiſtorie of the LOVES of

Old *Claius* and Young *Strephon*

to *Urania*.

Written by a young Gentle-woman, Mris A. W.

LONDON,

Printed by *William Bentley*, and are to be ſold by *Thomas Heath*, near the *Pyazza* of the *Coven-Garden*.

Anno Dom. 1651.

To the two unparalleld SISTERS,

and Patterns of Virtue,

The Ladie { ANNE } { PERPOINT,
and
The Ladie { GRACE }

Daughters to the Right Honourable the Marquess of DORCHESTER.

IF I had not obſerved that the greateſt humilitie, reigns in the boſoms of the Nobleſt Perſonages, I ſhould not preſume to Dedicate this moſt unworthie Fabrick to your Honours; eſpecially when I conſider the poorneſs of my endeavours,

vours, and admire the Learned *Sidney*'s Paſtimes; Whereof I beſeech you charitably to believe, that my ambition was not raiſed to ſo high a pitch, as the Title now manifeſts it to be, until I received Commands from thoſe that cannot be disobeyed. But however, if your Ladiſhips will graciouſly vouchſafe to peruſe ſuch a confuſed Theam, I ſhall harbour the better opinion of it, and ſhall acknowledge my ſelf, as in all Gratefulneſs,

Your Honours devoted

Servant,

A. W.

I

The

The STATIONER to the ingenious READER.

MArvel not to find Heroick Sidney's *renowned Fanſie purſued to a cloſe by a Feminine Pen: Rather admire his prophetical ſpirit now as much, as his Heroical before. Lo here* Pigmalion's *breathing ſtatue, Sir* Philip's *fantaſie incarnate: both* Pamela's *Majeſtie, and* Philoclea's *Humilitie expreſt to the life, in the perſon and ſtyle of this Virago. In brief, no other than the lively Ghoſt of* Sydney, *by a happie transmigration, ſpeaks through the organs of this inſpired* Minerva. *If any Critical ear, disrea-*

liſh the ſhrilneſs of the Note; let it be tuned to Apollo's *Lyre, and the harmonie will ſoon be perceived to be much better; and the Ladie appear much more delightfull to her* Muſidorus: *So wiſheth*

Thine and Her ſervant,

T. H.

On

On the

Ingenious CONTINUATION

of

Sir PHILIP SYDNAY'S

ARCADIA,

By *Mistress* A. W.

NO thing doth greater disadvantage bring
Than by too great commending of a thing;
Thus Beauty's injur'd, when the searching eye
Deceiv'd by others over flatterie:
Finding that less, was magnify'd before,
Thinks there is none, because there is no more.
Art suffers too by this, for too great praise
Withers the greenness of the Poets Bays:
For when mens expectations rise too high,
Ther's nothing seen or read will satisfie.
This fault is epidemical, do but ore-look
The Stationers Stall, 'tis spoke in ev'ry book:
Where some are so voluminous become
With Prefaces of this kind, as scarce a room
Is left for th' Authours self. But I can quit
My self of this, till now I never writ:

Nor

Nor had I done it now, but that a She
Did tempt my preſſing for her companie;
From whence when ſhe's return'd, pray uſe her wel,
She's young, but yet ingeniouſly will tell
You prettie Stories, and handſomly will ſet
An end to what great *Sydney* did beget,
But never perfected, theſe Embryons ſhe
Doth Mid-wife forth in full maturitie.
Nor is't, where things are left undone, a ſin,
To ſeek to end what greater ones begin.
Therefore who ere reads their ingenious ſtyle,
Not with a Frown compire them, but a Smile.
She does not write for Criticks, for who ere
Loves for to be cenſorious, forbear.
Then this of both, let nothing elſe be ſaid,
This *Sydney*'s ſelf did write, but this a *Maid*.

H. P. M.

To

To the Ingenious *LADIE*, the Authour of the *Continuation* of Sir *Philip Sydney's* ARCADIA.

FAir Authour! though your Sex ſecure you ſo,
That all your Dictates will for Claſſick go:
Yet to be lik'd thus onely, will ſound leſs
Our Approbation, than our Tenderneſs.
Becauſe the Civil World will judgement ſpend,
That we are bound in Manhood to commend.
Taking our praiſes level from that ſight
Of what you are, more than from what you write.
Whence Critick-wits this nice pretence will find,
That we our Courtſhip ſpeak, but not our Mind.
But when they ſingle each reſpect apart,
Viewing the Virgin there, and here the Art:
Their Prejudice will then to Wonder reach,
Not ſpent on both United, but on Each.
For though the Stars ſhine in a Beauteous Sphere,
Yet are they not more Stars, for ſhining there:
But would boaſt luſtre of as great a force,
Though their containing Orbs were dim and courſe.

F. L.

On

On the *Continuation* of Sir *Philip Sydney's* ARCADIA.

By Mistress *A. W.*

MUch of the Terrene Globe conceal'd doth lie,
Cheating the Searchers curious industrie:
ARCADIA too, till now, but partly was descri'd;
Sydney *her beautie view'd, fell Love-sick and dy'd*
Ere he could show the world her perfect state
And glorie, interrupted by his Fate.
Amazement at her Frame did him betray,
In each rare Feature too too long a stay:
Till being benighted, left imperfect this
Earth's Paradise, to possess one perfect is,
In pitie o'th' loss, and to repair't, believe
His gallant generous spirit, a reprieve
From's sleeping dust hath purchas'd, Deaths malice
Defying with a timely Metempsychosis.
He breathes through female Organs, yet retains
His masculine vigour in Heroick strains.
Who hears't may some brave Amazon *seem to be,*
Not Mars *but* Mercury's *Champian,* Zelmane.
And well he may: for doubtless such is she,
Perfection gives t' Arcadia's *Geographie.*
Arcadia *thus henceforth disputed is,*
Whether Sir Philip's *or the* Countesses.

F. W

To

To Mistress A. W.

Upon her *ADDITIONALS* to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY'S *ARCADIA.*

IF a Male *Soul, by Transmigration, can*
Pass to a Female, *and Her spirits Man,*
Then sure some sparks of Sydney's *soul have flown*
Into your breast, which may in time be blown
To flames, *for 'tis the course of* Enthean *fire*
To warm by degrees, and brains to inspire,
As Buds to Blossoms, Blossoms turn to Fruit,
So Wits ask time to ripen, and recruit;
But Yours gives Time the start, as all may see
By these smooth strains of early Poesie,
Which like Rays of one kind may well aspire,
If Phœbus *please to a* Sydneyan *fire.*

JAM. HOVVEL.

On

On the *Continuation* of Sir *Philip Sydney's* ARCADIA;

By Mistress *A. W.*

LAy by your Needles Ladies, take the Pen,
The onely difference 'twixt you and Men.
'Tis Tyrannie to keep your Sex in aw,
And make Wit suffer by a Salick *Law.*
Good Wine does need no Bush, pure Wit no Beard;
Since all Souls equal are, let all be heard.
That the great World might nere decay, the Main,
What in this Coast is lost, in that doth gain:
So when in Sydney's *death Wit ebb'd in Men,*
It hath its Spring-tide in a Female Pen.
A single Bough shall other Works approve,
Thine shall be Crown'd with all DODONA'S-*Grove.*

F. VAUGHAN.

A

CONTINUATION

of

Sr PHILIP SYDNEY's

ARCADIA.

Wherein is handled the Loves of *Amphialus* and *Helen* Queen of *Corinth*, Prince *Plangus* and *Erona*: With the Historie of the Loves of old *Claius* and young *Strephon* to *Urania*.

IN the time that *Basilius* King of *Arcadia*, with *Gececea* his Queen, and his two renowned daughters, the Paragons of the World, *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, were retired from the

A Court

Court to a private lodge amongſt the ſhepherds, there to refreſh themſelves with their pleaſant & harmleſs ſports. In the time that *Pyrocles*, ſon and heir to the good *Evarchus* King of *Macedon*, disguiſed himſelf to an Amazonian Ladie, for the love of his Venus, the ſweet *Philoclea*. And *Muſidorus* Prince of *Thaſſalia* disrobed himſelf of his glorions rayment, and put on Shepherds weeds, for the ſight of the ſtately *Pamela*. And when *Cupid* displayed his quivers throughout his circle, and brought the famouſeſt Princes in the world to adore his mothers beautie: Then Prince *Plangus*, ſon to the King of *Iberia*, at the firſt view of *Erona*, a Queen in *Lydia*, was made a Priſoner to her who was a Priſoner. And he whoſe reſolutions were altogether fixed on the rare beautie of *Erona*, reſolved with himſelf, either to releaſe his incomparable Jewel out of a dolefull Priſon, or elſe to looſe his life in the enterpriſe. Then

Then he became an humble ſuitor to *Artaxia*, Queen of *Armenia*, under whoſe cuſtodie the fair Ladie was, telling her his life was bound up in *Erona's*. And then would he vow it was pitie ſo ſweet a creature ſhould paſs by the pleaſures of her life in ſo ſolitarie a place. And ſometimes he would pray for her, and then again he would praiſe her. But *Artaxia* would no ways be perſwaded to any compaſſion: the more he deſired, the more ſhe denied, which he perceiving, with a ſoft voice and deep ſigh, he brake out into theſe words,

Great Queen, if my grief and groans cannot mollifie your heart, nor the rememberance that once I was your beloved Kinſman, nor yet the beautie of *Erona* can be a ſufficient remedie to cure your anger; yet call to mind ſhe was your royal Brothers Miſtreſs, and can you imagin that he would have endured the thought that

Eronas bloud ſhould ſo innocently be ſhed! no, but aſſure your ſelf, that whenſoever a drop of it is ſpilt, out of his aſhes there will riſe a Revenger to root you out of your Kingdom.

But *Artaxia* aroſe out of her throne with a gracefull Majeſtie, and did proteſt ſhe would be revenged on her brothers murderers: for, ſaid ſhe, although my brother did love and honour *Erona* too well, yet her hate of him was the cauſe of his being ſlain, and of his ſubjects overthrow. And Prince *Plangus*, if your affections be never ſo extreamly ſet upon *Erona*, yet I am reſolved to keep her life in my power. But becauſe you ſhall have no occaſion given you, to brand me with the title of Tyrant Queen, in the word of a Princeſs I do promiſe you, that if within two years after the day of my brothers death, you can procure Prince *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* to accept of a combat againſt two others

of

of my chooſing, to obtain the libertie of *Erona*; if they overcome thoſe Knights of my electing, that day ſhall *Erona* be at her own diſpoſal: but if my Champions manifeſt their valour to that height, as to receive the victorie, the ſame day *Eronas* bodie ſhall be conſumed to aſhes, and I ſhall endeavour to gratifie their courage.

Plangus joyfully accepted of this propoſition, ſince he could obtain no better. And well he knew the Princes cared not for their proud looks, nor feared the glittering of their ſwords; yet little did he know the craftineſs of *Artaxia*. But ſuch ſubtile Policie ſeldom ends with an happie concluſion.

And now in hopes of a proſperous journey, he bends his courſe towards *Greece*, there to deliver his meſſage, upon which his life depended. But he had not travelled many days, before he had ſurpriſed a Letter, the ſuper-

ſcription was to *Plaxirtus*, brother to *Leonatus* King of *Paphlagonia*; he without fear or dread, brake it open, and read it. He had no ſooner peruſed it over, but that he wiſhed it cloſed again. Then cried he out aloud, Can it be poſſible? is *Artaxia* ſuch a deceitfull Politician? can her lips utter that which is ſo far at diſtance from her heart? and can flattering make her ſeem the leſſe cruel? No ſure, her very name will be hatefull to all Poſteritie.

See here, ſaith he to ſome of his ſervants that were with him, ſee here a Letter from *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*, how ſhe praiſes him for a treacherous act, how ſhe condoles with him for the death of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, the two glorioûſeſt Princes that ever lived in the world; how ſhe promiſes him to end the Tragedie with a Comedie; ſhe tels him the Gods ſet to their help to revenge her brothers death

death; and then ſhe acknoledges her ſelf and her Kingdom his, according to her proclamation.

Thus *Plangus* was breathing out his griefs, but had not altogether eaſed himſelf, before he was interrupted by a meſſenger, who not being accuſtomed to complements, came to him, and certified him that he came from *Armenia*, and that he was ſervant to that Nobleman, to whom *Artaxia* and he repoſed ſo much confidence in, to intruſt *Erona* to be under his charge; and that now, contrarie to the Articles agreed upon between them, *Plaxirtus* had brought the news to *Artaxia* of the death of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, which had been procured by his contrivance; and ſaid, he, ſhe hath married him in requital. And by this time he hath beſieged my Lords Caſtle where *Erona* is confined. Then my Lord having intelligence of it, immediately ſent me after you, to let you under-

underſtand that he was not furniſhed with conveniences well enough to hold out long: therefore as you love *Erona*, ſo come with ſpeed to relieve her. Now I have finiſhed my meſſage, and I muſt be gone. So with leſs reverence than he uſed when he came, he haſtily went his way. *Plangus* being caſt into ſuch an aſtoniſhment, that he let him go at his pleaſure, without ſo much as inquiring after *Eronas* welfare. But at length, he rouzed himſelf out of his amazement, and then would have poured out his ſoul in complaints, had he not eſpied his news-monger galloping almoſt out of his ſight, then ſending his eyes after him, he made a virtue of neceſſitie, and contented themſelves that they were ſpectatours of the nimble Nag, which ſhewed his unwillingneſs to reſt his foot upon the ground, before he entered his native ſoil. This tempted *Plangus* to diſco-

ver

ver his fancie, which he did in theſe terms, certainly ſaid he,

There is a charm in Beautie, that Beaſt do homage to, and muſt obey; that now makes the Nag to trip ſo faſt away to do *Erona* ſervice. Shall I then be worſe than a beaſt? no, although I cannot paſs along with thee; yet my heart ſhall always keep before thee. And dear *Erona*, though now I turn my face from thee, yet my deeds ſhall always declare to be for thee, and ſhall endeavour to clear the clouds that now obſcure thy brightneſs.

Thus, between hope and deſpair, he mounted his horſe, and commanding his ſervants to follow him, he reſolved to go into *Macedon*, to report the news to *Evarchus*, of his ſons and nephews death. For he was perſwaded, that *Evarchus* would not be backward from bringing to due puniſhment the cauſers of his unſpeakable loſs. And by

by that means he thought he might handſomly ſhew his valour, and prove it upon his Ladies enemies. Yet ſometimes fears would make conſpiracies within him, and almoſt overwhelm him, untill he recalled his ſences, and conſidered, that it was not a daunted ſpirit that could ſerve *Erona*. Then ſetting ſpurs to his horſe, he travelled in a night and a day without once opening his lips; ſilence, in his opinion being the beſt companion to a troubled mind.

But at laſt he entered into the pleaſant countrey of *Arcadia*, which was adorned with ſtately woods: No cries were heard there but of the lambs, and they in ſport too ſounded their voices to make their playfellow lambs anſwer them again in imitation of the like. And the abundance of ſhadie trees that were there, were ſo beautifull with the ſweet melodie of birds, that any one, ſave love-ſick *Plangus*, might

might think it a ſufficient harmonie to draw away their delight from any other vanitie of the world. Beſides, there were the Shepherds piping to their prettie Shepherdeſſes, whileſt they chearfully ſang to pleaſure them again. In this ſweet place, he ſat himſelf down, with an intention to reſt his wearied limbs under a branched tree, whileſt his ſervants refreſhed themſelves, & baited their horſes, but no eaſe could be harboured in his disquieted heart, his eys being no ſooner cloſed, but that he imagined he ſaw *Erona* burning in their unmercifull fire: at which ſight he ſtaringly opened them, and determined with himſelf, that ſince ſleep would procure no comfort to him, other then Tragical ſcenes, he would never enjoy any contentment before he had ſettled *Erona* in her throne in ſafetie.

He had not been long in this perplexitie, before he was kindly examined

mined the cauſe of his ſadneſs. P*langus* hearing the queſtion, and muſing extreamly who it ſhould be that to his thinking ſhould ask ſo ſtrange an one, heaved up his head, which before he had careleſly held down, and ſeeing onely an ancient man attended by his two Daughters, and hoping he would be a companion ſuitable to his diſpoſition, he courteouſly anſwered him, that it would be but a trouble to him to underſtand the occaſion of his grief, for, ſaid he, it will be too melancholly a ſtorie to rehearſe to you, unleſs you were in a capacitie to help me.

It is poſſible I might do you ſervice, replied the old man; for now you are in *Arcadia*, where I am King, and having retired from my Court to a private Lodge, which is ſeated in a Grove hardby, I with my two daughters, happening now to walk for recreation into this pleaſant place, and

I perceiving you being a ſtranger, lying in ſuch a forlorn poſture, I muſt confeſs it was incivilitie in me to diſturb you, but my compaſſion would ſubmit to no cauſalities that could hinder my deſired knowledge. And now I hope it will be no inconvenience to you to relate your own Hiſtorie to me.

But *Plangus*, with humble reverence excuſed his denial, and beſeeched *Baſilius* firſt to grant him his pardon, ſince it was a fault of ignorance, and not of perverſneſs. And that he promiſed himſelf, that he would chuſe rather to be his Chyrurgian to heal his wounds, than in the leaſt to marr or make them.

Baſilius would ſuffer him no longer to go on with his frivolous civilities, and telling him they ſhould ſerve his turn, made him ſit down. Then *Plangus* related all circumſtances in the ſamemanner, that afterward the divine

Philo-

Philoclea ſweetly declared to her lover, the admirable *Pyrocles*. And believe me, ſhe told it with more liveline ſs and quickneſs of wit, than *Plangus* did himſelf: For oftentimes his thought was ſtrayed from his ſtorie, to ſigh, with gazing upon the ſplendor of *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, for he conceited that in their beauties he might ſee *Eronas*. But alas poor Prince! *Cupid* in that had blinded him, for although *Erona* might deſerve a large ſhare of praiſes, yet the two Siſters could not be paralelled. But when he had concluded his paſſionate relation, he earneſtly craved releaſe of *Baſilius*: who anſwered him, that he governed a quiet and a peaceable Countrey, and that he ſhould very unwillingly teach his people the way of diſſention; but yet he would command a Guard of *Arcadians* to conduct him ſafe into *Macedon*.

Plangus, in lowly ſubmiſſion, con-

gra-

gratulated with *Baſilius* for that favour, believing that time and entreatie would amplifie his goodneſs, according to his abilitie. Then as he was appointing a place where the *Arcadians* ſhould meet him, his ſervants preſented themſelves to him, and certified him, that the day was far ſpent, and that it would be neceſſarie for him to go to the next town, and there to lodge that night. P*langus*, very well liked of their advice, that he might have the more freedom to contrive his beſt way to act his part he had alreadie begun to play. Then after they had ended their ſundrie diſcourſes, he parted from *Baſilius* and the two ſurpaſſing ſiſters.

Now E*ronas* beautie had grounded ſuch an impreſſion in his heart, that no other thought, but of her perfections, could enter into his. She was his Image, her he worſhipped, and her he would for ever magnifie. And untill

he

he came near the Citie, he busied his fancie in extolling his Ladie. But there he was received by the governour of the Town with as great gallantrie as could be expected, considering the short warning *Basilius* gave them, there wanting no cost that might be pleasing either to his eye or tast. A stately supper being provided, which was garnished with a royal banquet, sent from *Basilius*; and all was finished in so gorgeous a manner, that P*langus* did assure himself he was no ordinarie, nor yet unwelcom Gueſt. But all the sweet musick with the plentie of delicates was no more to P*langus*, than the rememberance of his own misfortune. Yet having a Princely care not to show himself unthankfull to the meanest supporter of his undeserved Festivals, he would oftentimes praise them for their bountie to him a stranger, and one that was no way able to make them the least requital,

requital, but they replied, that his acceptance was as much, and more than they deſerved or expected. Then after they had a good while parlied together upon ſeveral occaſions, the Citizens returned to their houſes, and *Plangus* went to his lodging, then proſtrating himſelf before *Cupid* for his happie ſucceſs in fulfilling of his own deſires, beſeeched him to unite *Erona's* affection as firmly to him, as his was unmoveable to her; and that both might be ſo well preſerved, that at length they might enjoy the happie fruition of real friendſhip between him and *Erona*, at whoſe name he ended; and as if he received his life from thence, he fell into a little ſlumber, which continued for ſo ſhort a time, that when he awaked, the clouds were not ſeparated to give way to the approaching day, that was then extreamly wiſht for by him, who determined to ſpend the hour-glaſs of

his life in defence of his esteemed mistress.

By that time he had run over his thoughts to the end of his intended enterprises, *Phebus* spread his beams over his curtains, which cast so great a reflection upon him, that though his eyes were still dissembling sleep, yet the Suns brightness made him gaze about him, and seeing it so sweet a morning, he believed it to be an emblem of his prosperous success. In this perswasion he arose, and charging his servants to be in a readiness, he walked into a Gallerie, where multitudes stood waiting for his presence, he kindly saluting them, and repeating his former speeches of courtesie and gratitude, he commanded his man to bring out his Steed; and then taking his leave of the *Arcadians*, saving the residue which *Basilius* appointed to wait on him, he raised himself upon the beast, which gently received him

as willing to bear ſo loved a burden, and ſprightly ambled along: but *Plangus* was forced to hold his bridle, and teach his Nag his bounds were no further than his Commiſſion, by reaſon of a calling from a young Shepherd, who ſpeedily running to *Plangus*, and in a breathleſs manner he certified him that he was ſent by his Lord *Baſilius* to excuſe his abſence, the occaſion being his retiredneſs to ſo private a place, that with no conveniencie he could entertain him there agreeable to his greatneſs, nor yet to remove ſo far ſo ſuddenly.

Plangus requeſted the Shepherd to return his thanks and obedience to his Sovereign, and ſeeing it was a matter of no greater importance, he would endure no longer hinderances, but ſet ſpurs to his horſe and gallopped away with all expedition: but not without ſome turbulent paſſages that he was fain to endure, before he could attain

to his desired haven: yet at last he arrived under the Dominions of *Evarchus* in *Macedon*, where he was welcomed by a companie of dolorous persons, who without entreatie would participate with him in his sorrows: but alas! there were few comforters, all the people seeming like shadows, in regard of the miss they had of their young Prince, who after he had brought so many Kings in subjection under his prowess and valour, should now himself be lost, none knowing where or how; but perpetually hearkening to several relations, which put them into more fears and doubts every day than they were in before.

Mustidorus wanted not bewailing neither; for well they knew *Pyrocles* life was bound up in his, and that he loved & respected the *Macedonians* as much for *Pyrocles* sake, as he did the *Thessalians* for his own sake, and that they learned one another virtuous quali-

qualities, which were equally distributed between them; therefore the whole Kingdom groaned under burthensom calamities for their witnessed loss: but by the enterance of *Plangus*, who was a stranger to them, their complaints were turned into whisperings, and their sighs into listenings, all being earnest to know who he was, and the cause of his Posting from citie to citie towards the Court. Some would believe the worst, and then would swear they did see sadness in his face; others would perswade themselves, it was his hastie travelling that made him seem careful But *Plangus* not staying to hearken to their mistrustfull uncertainties, kept on his former pace, till he was come within a mile of the Palace, where he was stopped by one *Kalodolus*, an ancient servant belonging to *Musidorus*, who hearing of the coming of a Forreigner, and infinitely longing to hear

from his dear Master, and meeting *Plangus*, he fell down at his feet, and besought him to have commiseration upon him, and tell him of the safetie of *Musidorus*.

This request silenced *Plangus* for a while, who could not imagin what reply to make to him: but having considered a little better of it, he brake his silence on this fashion. Sir, it grieves me extreamly that I cannot give you such satisfactorie answer as I wish I could: however do not afflict your self, for I dare assure you that he is happie, being a more glorious Prince, and far greater than all the Kingdoms of the World could make him.

Why? is he dead? said *Kalodolus*; then all virtue is fled away: but I will follow thee *Musidorus*, where ere thou beest, I will not stay behind. Then snatching out a Rapier from him that was neareſt him, he would have sent his

his ſoul to *Pluto*, had it not been prevented by the quick eye of *Plangus*, who apprehending his danger, leaped upon him, and with violence wrung the Rapier out of his hand, but yet he would not be pacified for a time, nor perſwaded from practiſing his intended miſchief, till reaſon over-ſwaying his patience, made him becom a moderator of his own raſhneſs; for ſaid he, What good can my death do to *Muſidorus*? ſhall I my ſelf deſtroy, and do my Prince the wrong? no, I will live as long as fortune pleaſes, and guid my ſteps about the world, till I have found his Tomb, where I will ſolemnize ſuch Obſequies as may be thought worthy to be titled the Funeral of ſo worthy a Prince. Then I will weep my ſelf to tears upon his grave, to water that illuſtrious Plant, that certainly muſt needs ſpring up & flouriſh; for it is impoſſible ſo rare a thing can be obſcured in the earth.

Here *Kalodolus* ſpeech was ſtopped by a floud, that would endure no longer to be hid within his aged carkaſs. And the noble *Plangus* anſwered him with ſighs, as if his heart would break: then they both lookt ſo ſtedfaſtly in pitie upon one another, that if a Painter had been preſent, he could not take, nor have a livelier Maſter-piece of ſorrow than this lover and ſervant repreſented, they being both void of comfort, and equally afflicted, until *Plangus* pluckt up his dead ſpirits, and adviced *Kalodolus* to ceaſe his complaints, and not to ſuffer grief to overrun his patience, for ſince *Muſidorus* was dead, the onely ſervice he could do for him, was to help forward the revenging of the Actors in his death. And then he required him to direct him the way to *Evarchus*: which command *Kalodolus* inſtantly obeyed. And guiding himt hrough ſtately Courts, paved all

all with Marble, and compaſſed in with Marble pillars, that were adorned with ſuch goodly proportioned Statues, that had not P*langus* been employed with matters of conſequence, he would not ſo regardleſly have paſſed by them, without prying into their Storie; which might perhaps have been beneficial unto him, to know the ſeveral tricks of warlike *Hercules*, as was there curiouſly engraven by famous Antiquaries. But P*langus* thoughts were higher flown than theſe Portaitures could reach to; thoſe he valued like ſhadows in compariſon of his valiant enterpriſes, that artificially his invention would lay before him, as if it were accompliſhed alreadie. And in that unſatisfied perſwaſion he was brought to E*varchus*, whoſe ſight awakened him from his fabulous fantaſie. And then with a ſad reverence he kneeled down.

But the good King would not ſuffer

fer that, but lifting him up, he entreated him to uſe no ſuch ceremonies, but to diſcourſe that which he earneſtly wiſht to know without any delays. So *Plangus* being extream willing to fulfill *Evarchus* charge, though firſt to bring him by degrees to the hearing of thoſe mournfull tidings, he began with this Prologue:

Moſt gracious Sir, did I not conſider your wiſdom in governing your paſſions, far ſurmounting other mens, I ſhould not ſo abruptly preſume to be the meſſenger of ſuch unfortunate news, as now I am. But ſince my life is hazarded in ſeveral reſpects, I know your goodneſs will no way perſevere againſt me, for neceſſitie hath no rule, and that is the reaſon which now inforces me to manifeſt that unto you, which I am loth to utter: But I aſſure my ſelf, that your Majeſtie will no way deſpiſe the ſovereign ſalve called Patience, that is a preſent Remedie for all afflictions. Know

Know then, great King, that the mirrours of virtue, the famous *Pyrocles* your ſon, and *Muſidorus* your nephew are treacherouſly ſlain by the bloudie plot of *Plaxirtus*, falſe Brother to *Leonatus* King of *Paphlagonia*, and revealed to me by the ſurpriſal of a letter of congratulation from *Artaxia* Queen of *Armenia*, under whoſe power *Erona* Queen of *Lydia* is a priſoner; and without ſpeedie ſuccour, ſhe will be put to death in the cruelleſt way that can be imagined, by the ſame inſtruments that expoſed her Champions to theirs: But yet Sir, they have left behind them ſo pretious a name, that their adverſaries cannot blemiſh: and ſo long as their better part flouriſhes on earth, all the realitie that can be ſhewed for the leſſer, is to go on couragiouſly, and revenge your loſs, and to give *Apollo* thanks for their leaving ſo glorious a memorie behind them.

Thus

Thus *Plangus* ended, without further mentioning *Erona*, until *Evarchus* grief was somewhat digested: which he did perceive extreamly to over-sway him, by the changing of bloud in his face, that perpetually going and coming, would sometime wax pale and wan; and then would flush, as if he threatened to make *Plaxirtus* smart for all his villanie. And in this conflict of sorrow and anger he continued a great space: but at last they both yielded to reason, and *Evarchus* wisely became the Judge of the Sessions; for said he,

It is Justice to bring murderers to their deserved punishments. And because you Prince *Plangus* testifie your self to be such an affectionate Friend to my dear Children, shew your self one in their revenge; you I will entrust to be the General of my Armie; prove as valiant now as you have ever done; let all your aim be at

Plax-

P*laxirtus*; and if poſſible, convey him hither alive, that he may die a publick ſpectacle of ſhame and terror before all the People. And I give you free libertie to uſe your power in the releaſe of that diſtreſſed Ladie you ſpake of, for certainly their hearts are infinitely hardened for any miſchief: but for *Artaxia*, remember ſhe is a woman, and ſubject to degrees of Paſſion as well as man. But alas! ſhe deſired the deſtruction of P*yrocles* and *Muſidorus*, and now ſhe hath rendered her recompence to P*laxirtus* for that abominable deed. O the thought of that Action reaches further than my compaſſion: but I will reſign my power to you; therefore though you grow Victorious, yet ſtrengthen your ſelf with diſcretion, and let not raſhneſs nor faintheartedneſs prevail over you. Now go on with your intentions, and proſper, whilſt I end my days in ſolitarineſs.

E*var*-

Evarchus had no ſooner done, but he bowed to the earth, as if he wiſht to be there quickly; and then after he had ſigned a Commiſſion for raiſing of an Armie, he withdrew into his chamber, and *Plangus* waited upon him to the enterance, and ſo they parted; one to temperate melancholly, the other to Hope intermixt with cares: for though *Plangus* was loaded with troubleſom imployments, yet thoſe he took for refreſhments, becauſe the foundation of them was laid for *Erona*'s ſake. But *Evarchus* grieved, as he had too juſt cauſe, to think that he ſhould never more behold the joy of his heart again; and ſo he continued without the leaſt ſhow of a contented mind, yet not with a deſperate rage. A large and rare Theme might be Chronicled of his wiſely governed Paſſions; but that is too pregnant a virtue for my dull capacity to go on with.

There-

Therefore ſurrendering that to ſharp wits, I will onely mention P*lan-gus* happie ſucceſs that he obtained in *Macedon*; for in ſhort time he levied an Armie, ſufficient to conquer all *Armenia*, every one being deſirous to revenge their Princes quarrel, and thought it a preferment to be the meaneſt Souldier; then being all in a readineſs, they march away. But P*lan-gus* before he went, ſent his Ambaſſa-dors to *Delphos*, to know of the Oracle his Deſtinie, and juſt as he was man-aging his Armie, in their march they returned with this anſwer;

That he ſhould be Victorious over his Enemies, if ſo be he would be vigilant in guiding his Forces in a way of deli-beration; and not to venture to ſhew his Valour, in over-raſh attempts in a Bra-vado before his Miſtreſs, which often-times hath been the cauſe of the Rout-ing a magnificent Armie: but he muſt remember the eyes of all the World were

upon

upon him as their Defence and Shield, whoſe wiſdom muſt preſerve them from their furious enemies.

This Oracle infinitely comforted *Plangus*; and when he had given thanks to *Apollo* for his proclaimed proſperous Fortune, he kept on his march to *Armenia*; whom we will leave for a time.

Now I will diſcover ſome Paſſages that paſſed between *Amphialus* Nephew to *Baſileus* the King of *Arcadia*, and *Helena* Queen of *Corinth*, how that after ſhe had carried him away in a Lighter from *Arcadia*, what bitter complaints ſhe made for him, untill ſhe had brought him to *Corinth*, that would be to pitifull a ſubject to ſtay on; therefore leaving that to ſeveral conjectures, I will onely rehearſe thoſe particulars that united thoſe rare Perſons together to both their abundant felicitie.

When *Helena* had conveyed her belo-

beloved *Amphialus* to her renowned Citie *Corinth*, and lodged him in the richeſt furniſhed Chamber that could be deviſed, yet all ſhe thought too mean for ſuch an incomparable Gueſt: then ſhe adviſed with her skilfull Chyrurgeons how ſhe might have his wounds healed; and had always an eſpecial care to ſee the ſalves applied to them her ſelf; and when all was finiſhed, ſhe paſſed away the day with ſighs by ſenceleſs *Amphialus*, who lay ſo quietly, that for a great time none could perceive the leaſt motion of life in him: but at laſt the Chyrurgeons avouched they could find warm bloud ſtrive for life in his (now in all likelihood) curable wounds. Which ſpeech of theirs did make *Helena* waſh her fair face with her tears for joy, when before it had not touched a drop of water, from the time that ſhe found *Amphialus* in ſo wofull a condition. Then began ſhe to diſcourſe

with him, as if he could mind her what ſhe ſaid.

Tell me dear *Amphialus*, ſaid ſhe, what occaſion have I given you to make you hate me? have I not ever honoured and loved you far above my ſelf? O yes! and if I had a thouſand lives to loſe, I would venture them all for your ſake. But ſince that is an impoſſible thing, propound to me the moſt probable way for me to purchaſe you, and I dare undertake it, be it never ſo dangerous: But if it be the Princeſs *Philoclea* that lies as a block in my way, ſo that I muſt either continue where I am, or elſe ſtumble over it and be made quite hopeleſs, yet let me counſel you as a faithfull friend, not to engage your affections to one that is ſo negligent of it, but rather beſtow it upon me that will accept of it. Oh hear me, and have pitie on me, O *Amphialus*, *Amphialus!*

Then

Then ſhe flung her ſelf down upon his bed, with a reſolution not to ſtir before ſhe had discerned ſome ſign of life in outward appearance. And as ſhe was earneſtly looking upon him, ſhe eſpied his eyes a ſtealing open; but immediately, with a long fetcht ſigh, he cloſed them up again, as grieving for their tenderneſs they could not gaze upon beautie. But *Helena* replying with twentie to his one, went on with her love-ſick ſpeeches.

Alas poor Prince! ſaid ſhe, is it thy hard fortune to receive thy life again in ſighs? hath ſuch il-favoured ſpleens no place to ſettle in, but in thy noble breaſt, which ſhines in goodneſs? Chear up, dear Prince, and let not thy greateſt Foe find cauſe to tax thee with the leaſt blemiſh.

Longer ſhe would have proceeded in her bemoaning of *Amphialus*, had ſhe not been interrupted by the Chyrurgeons that were in the chamber,

and hearing her voice, came instantly to her, and kneeling down, intreated her to abandon the chamber, for as much as her presence and complaints caused disturbance in *Amphialus*, and procured nothing but that which was hurtfull to her own person: and then they assured her, that if she would forbear his companie, they could perfect the cure in half the time, that otherwise they should be constrained to be tedious in, by reason that her sad speeches would ground such an impression in him in his weakness, that it would be as much as their skil could reach unto, to keep his wounds from growing worser than better. These perswasions of the Chyrurgeons had a very great influence over *Helena*, and she forsaking her former passions, guarded her self with a long Robe of wise considerations, and departed his chamber without any shew of fondess, to the admiration of all beheld-

beholders. Yet ſhe never neglected the care of *Amphialus*, but diligently enquired after his amendment, that ſhe might know all paſſages as punctually, as if ſhe had been with him. In this golden mean of Patience ſhe continued ſo long, till *Amphialus* had revived ſomewhat his decayed ſpirits, & the Chyrurgeons had ſo well overcome his wounds, that by degrees he was brought to walk about his chamber; but always he would be croſſing his Arms, knocking his Breaſt, and breathing ſpeeches to himſelf in ſo wofull a manner, as would make the hardeſt heart burſt into a deluge of tears. Yet all this time he never examined by what means he was conveyed thither, nor any other queſtion that concerned *Helena*'s or his own condition. And ſo for a great while he impriſoned himſelf in ſuch ignorance, till by the coming of a young Gentleman, named *Clytiphon*, ſon to

Kaleander, a Noble man of *Arcadia*, his concealed eſtate, and all other circumſtances that had happened in *Arcadia* from his departure from thence, were declared to *Amphialus* wonder and aſtoniſhment.

For this *Clytifon* was ſent as an Ambaſſadour to *Amphialus* from his uncle the King of *Arcadia*, to congratulate with him for his recoverie, and to certifie him of his Coſins deliverance out of his Caſtle, by the proweſs of Prince *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*; and how they disguiſed themſelves for the love of *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, with all the ſeveral attempts that they practiſed to obtain their deſired enterpriſe. (As their bringing *Amaxius* to ſubmit to their mercie, *Pyrocles* having granted him his life on condition he would acknowledge it) and finally to give him notice, that the nuptials of *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea*, with *Muſidorus* and *Pamela* were onely deferred for

for the time they could hear from *Amphialus*. This was the chief of *Clytifons* Ambaſſage, which he carefully obeyed.

But before he entered into *Corinth*, the Citie ſwelled with rumour, every one being greedie to know that which nothing concerned them. But *Clytifon* knowing it was not a time of dalliance, haſtened to the Palace, where he was waited for by *Helena*, whoſe watchfull eyes and attentive ears could not paſs by any ſuſpitious whiſperings, but would always make ſtrict enquirie of the cauſe of them. So now ſhe believing the credible report, would needs come down her ſelf, attended with a train of Ladies, to welcom the Ambaſſadour to her Court, when as ſoon as ſhe perceived a glimpſe of him, ſhe perfectly knew him to be that noble *Clytifon*, whom before ſhe had been beholding to for his excellent companie. Then whilſt

ſhe was ſhewing her courteſie to him for his former civilities, he with an humble reverence, yet ſupported with a Garb of Majeſtie, came to her after the manner of an Ambaſſadour, and preſenting mightie high commendations to her from all the Princes that reſided in *Arcadia*, ſhe beſought him to accept of ſuch poor entertainment as her abilitie could make him. Then leading him into the Preſence (it being in the after-noon) ſhe commanded a delicate Collation to be ſet before him, which was fulfilled ſo quickly and ſo decently, that *Clytifon* could not chooſe but ſit and extol their comely order; and within a while fell to eating thoſe rarities that *Helena* had provided for him; but ſhe would not be perſwaded to taſt of any, her troubled mind was too full of jealouſies and fears, to think of pleaſing her appetite. Sometime ſhe mistruſted that *Baſileus* had ſent for *Amphialus*

to

to be tried by the Law for his Mother *Cecropia*'s ſtealing away his Daughters, that he might have a fair pretence to take away his life. But quickly ſhe vanquiſhed that doubt by another that ſhe imagined to be moſt probable, which was, that P*hiloclea*'s heart might be mollified, and that ſhe under-hand had made choice of *Clytifon* to be her Proxie, in wiſhing *Amphialus* to purſue his former Petition to P*hiloclea*, that ſhe with the more modeſtie might grant him his requeſt. This fancie of *Helena* made ſuch a wound within her breaſt, that a thouſand of ſighs had free paſſage there, and in ſilence ſhe did think out her complaints; until *Clytifon* had disordered the artificial curioſities with taſting of their goodneſs, and had ſufficed his natural hunger. Then *Helena* taking him aſide from the companie that came to gaze upon him, with many ſhews of grief ſhe conjured him,

that

that if ever he had been real to any friend, to ſhew himſelf one to her, who vowed faithfulneſs and ſecreſie: but yet if it were a matter of ſuch weightie importance, as he could not repoſe ſo much confidence in her, being a Princes of another Countrey, yet ſhe entreated him to certifie her whether it concerned *Amphialus*, or in his her own ruin.

Clytifon had hardly patience to hear her out, but removed her fears on this manner: Chear up great Queen, ſaid he, thoſe cloudie ſhadows of discontent and fears never do good but hurt, and wrong your Beautie, that otherwiſe would be the ſweeteſt, and the ſingular Flower that could be found in the large Garden of the world. Chear up then and rejoyce at joyfull tidings: for to the amazement of all, the two ever bleſſed Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, are by many ſtrange accidents found to be

be alive, though disguiſed, within my Sovereigns Lodges (from being gallant Souldiers) the one to a woman, the other to a comely Shepherd, which was brought to paſs by the induſtrie of blind *Cupid*, who takes pleaſure in wounding the beſt of undaunted ſpirits. But yet he hath dealt ſo favourable with theſe incomparable Perſons, that he hath equally wounded *Pamela* and *Philoclea* to them again: ſo that now *Arcadia* waits onely for the nuptials finiſhing, to be made happie in having ſo glorious a Prince to reign over them, and that is delayed onely for the time that they might hear from my Lord *Amphialus*.

Helena's joy at the hearing of this news, was too great for my dull expreſſion, yet after ſhe had moderated her exceſſive mirth, and brought it within the bounds of reaſon, ſhe feared that *Amphialus* would be ſo over-

come

come with deſpairing grief, that nothing but death could end his miſerie. Then fell ſhe at *Clytifon*'s feet, and begged of him not to be over-haſtie in declaring his Ambaſſage to *Amphialus*, but to compaſs him in by degrees to the hearing of it. This requeſt of hers *Clytifon* courteouſly promiſed to perform. And ſhe guiding him to *Amphialus* chamber door, deſired him to walk in, and departed.

But *Amphialus* eſpying *Clytifon*, and leaping upon him, and then lovingly embracing him, ſaid, How doeſt thou *Clytifon*? thou lookeſt as if thou meanedſt to chide me; but ſpare your labour, I will do that my ſelf, nay, and more if *Philoclea* would command it, let her deſire my heart and ſhe ſhall have it, and with mine own hand Ile pluck it out to give her, yet think it all too little to excuſe my crime. But ſhe is gratious and noble, anſwered *Clytifon*, and will be readier

to

to forgive, than you can be to begge your pardon of her. But I will never presume to aske forgiveneſs, replyed *Amphialus*, ſince I deſerve all puniſhments. Though you do, ſaid *Clytifon*, yet if you will preſent your ſelf unto her in an humble and ſubmiſſive way, and caſt off your former Suit, I durſt aſſure you ſhe would not onely grant your life, but would alſo receive you to her favour as her near Kinsman. If I could think ſo, replied *Amphialus*, I ſhould be highlie contented far above my deſerts or wiſhes, and ſaid *Clytifon*, would you be pleaſed to hear that ſhe were married to another or elſe likelie to be ſo ſuddainly? Yes with all my ſoul anſwered *Amphialus*, but yet upon condition, that it may be to her all flouriſhing happineſs. As for my own particular, that is the leaſt thing I regard or hope for, onely as I ſaid before, that the Princeſs *Philoclea* may be endowed with all felici-

ty,

ty, that will procure to me an uncontrouled bleſſedneſs.

Then *Clytifon* asked him if he would accept of him to be the bearer of a letter from him to *Philoclea*? which he promiſed carefully to deliver, if it were ſuch an one as might be received without ſcruple. *Amphialus* anſwered he would gladly write to *Philoclea*, but it ſhould no way be prejudicial to him, he intending onely to manifeſt his grief for her ill uſage in his Caſtle; and to let her know how readie he was to welcom any puniſhment ſhe would inflict upon him. Then after more ſuch ſpeeches paſſed between them, *Clytifon* rehearſed the truth of his meſſage. Which at firſt *Amphialus* heard with trembling, untill *Clytifon* remembered him of his former diſcourſe, that nothing that could make *Philoclea* happie, ſhould ever make him unhappie. Then rouſing up himſelf, he wiſhed *Clytifon* to leave

leave him to his privacie, that he might have the more libertie to endite a letter worthie of her acceptance; *Clytifon* being to carrie it away the next morning. So he, without the leaſt contradiction, left *Amphialus*, who being alone fell into a paſſion (as afterward he confeſſed) that had almoſt made him ſenſeleſs, untill time that wears out all things, recaled his memorie back to him again, which firſt discovered it ſelf thus:

Alas miſerable *Amphialus!* thou imployeſt thy ſelf to extol thy Rival, and meaneſt to make it thy recreation to do ſo always. Now I can remember the *Amazon* Ladie that fought ſo gallantly with me in the *Arcadian* woods, for the Princeſs *Philoclea*'s Glove; what blows ſhe ſtrook at me, and with what nimbleneſs ſhe avoided mine, when I aimed at her in mine own defence. I muſt confeſs it daunted me to ſee a woman rant ſo over me,

me, but yet it made me the more admire her valour, and brought down my former loftineſs, to wonder at my timourouſneſs. But ſince ſhe is discovered to be the noble *Pyrocles*, I ſhall be ſo far from hiding that disguiſed exploit of his, that I ſhall blazon it about the world in triumph, as an honour for me to be overcome by him; and it ſhall never be ſaid, that envie of my Rival ſhall make me obſcure his worth, for I ſhall applaud his wiſdom in making ſo rare a choice. Nor did I ever hear of any that could deſerve him better than the divine *Philoclea*. Then grieve no more *Amphialus*, at thy Ladies happineſs, ſince in hers all thine conſiſts; but prepare thy ſelf to obey her commands, be they never ſo contrary to thy nature.

With theſe reſolutions, although with a ſhaking hand, he began to write his letters. But *Clytifon*, as ſoon as he came out of the chamber, was received

ceived by *Helena*, to whom he related *Amphialus* and his whole diſcourſe. And ſhe being in hope to make him a fortunate meſſenger for her proceeding, uſed him with all the courteſie that could be. And then by her favours ſhe enticed him to her bait, and made him as much her humble ſervant, as he was *Amphialus*: For then he had promiſed to be a nimble Poſt to them both: and he muſt be conducted to his lodging, and *Helena* to her cloſet.

Where ſhe began too hard a task for her diſtracted mind, a letter ſhe did write unto *Philoclea*, but that did no way pleaſe her, it was not ſufficiently adorned with Rhetorick for ſo rare a Princeſs. Another ſhe did like reaſonable well, but that was ſo blured with her tears, that the beſt of eyes could not read it. More ſhe wrote, and found blemiſhes in them all. But at laſt being tired with ſcri-

bing ſo long upon one ſubject, ſhe reſolved that the next ſhould go what ere it were, which in earneſt proved the worſt of all. But yet becauſe you ſhall underſtand the enditment of it, it is ſet down as enſueth. The *Superſcription* was,

For the virtuous Princes Philoclea.

Sweet Princeſs,

DId I not hear in what raptures of happineſs your Divine ſelf is involved, or could I in the leaſt comprehend the ſplendor of your goodneſs to ſpread upon your diſtreſſed Coſin Amphialus, *I ſhould willingly reſign up all my claim to felicitie, ſo that you, of farr worthier endowments, might enjoy it. But ſince it hath pleaſed the deſtinies to place you in the higheſt firmament of contentment, that you may with the more eaſe behold the calamitie of your Admirer, let me therefore intreat you to ſhew your compaſsion to him by mildneſs, and ſuffer*

fer his puniſhment, may be ſincere affection to me; and you will infinitely above meaſure oblige your devoted ſervant,

HELENA *of* Corinth.

Often did ſhe peruſe this Letter to find out cavils in it, until ſleep would endure no longer to be reſiſted, nor hindered from ſeizing on ſo pure a ſoul, which ſhe evidenced by letting her letter fall out of her delicate proportioned hand that held it: then fell ſhe into ſlumbers, and ſtarts would now and then affright her, but thoſe ſhe ended with ſighs, and fell aſleep again, and then ſhe paſſed away the remainder of the night with varietie of dreams, untill the approching day rouſed up her ſenſes, and remembered her it was high time for Lovers to be ſtirring. Then ſhe being always mindfull of ſuch obſervations, took her letter, and making it fortunate with

her prayers, ſhe carried it into the Preſence, where ſhe ſtayed for *Clytifon*, who was receiving his farewel of *Amphialus*.

For after *Amphialus* had finiſhed his humble ſuit, as he termed it, and had endured a tedious night, *Clytifon* muſt needs be ſent for to preſcribe the likelieſt medicine for a love-ſick remedie. *Clytifon* could not be asked an harder queſtion, for he himſelf would gladly have taken Phyſick, had he been ſure of the cure. Tell me *Clytifon*, ſaid he, is there no help for a troubled mind? no cordial to bring ſleep into theſe eyes of mine? If you will ſubmit your actions, replied *Clytifon*, to my approbation, I will ſet you in a perfect way of quietneſs, though it ſhould procure mine own endleſs miſerie. He deſerves no Phyſician, anſwered *Amphialus*, that will not accept of his advice, when it is ſo freely profered him. Know then, ſaid *Cly-*

Clytifon, your onely way to obtain contentment, is to honour, nay, and love her who ſo entirely loves and reſpects you. O ſtay there, cried out *Amphialus*, and do not weigh me down with clogs of grief, I am ballanced ſufficiently alreadie, why do you with more burdens ſtrive to ſink me? nothing but *Philoclea*'s commands I find can enter into my heart, and they may ſtrike me dead. Flie then *Clytifon*, flie as ſwiftly as *Phœbus* can, and make a quick return to let me know *Philoclea*'s cenſure equal to my deſerts. With theſe words he gave *Clytifon* his letter, and with a ſad geſture turned away. But *Clytifon* without deferring went his way; though firſt he received *Helena*'s, and with many proteſtations vowed to further her undertakings.

And now I will leave theſe two lovers in longing expectation of his return, and will trace along with *Clytifon*

tifon to accompanie him, he being deſtitute almoſt of any comfort, by reaſon his affections were ſo extreamly engaged to *Helena*'s beautie, that nothing but envious death could aſwage it. This cauſed ſuch a conflict to ariſe between *Cupid*'s discharged Bowe, and *Clytifon*'s making his own wounds to gape with contrarying the God of loves commands, and haſtening from the Miſtreſs of his deſires to gain her to another: that oftentimes he was turning back to diſcover his intentions to her. But this deſign he vanquiſhed by confuting himſelf.

It is true ſaid he, I ride apace towards mine own overthrow; but ſince it was her charge, how dare I harbour a thought of refuſing? no it is her gracious pleaſure to vouchſafe me to be her Meſſenger, and ſhall I looſe her eſteemed favours, which I infinitly hazard if I do not manifeſt my faithfull endeavours in gaining *Amphialus*

to

to be her Husband, but I will chooſe to be her loyal Servant, rather than to her ſweet ſelf an importunate Suiter. And I ſhould account my ſelf ever happie, could it lie in my power to further hers; but I am unworthy to receive ſuch a Title as a poor Inſtrument to redeem her Majeſtie to her former felicitie: however I will ſhew my willingneſs, by my nimbleneſs; and then teaching his Steed to give a gallant caper, he ſpeedily rode away, and without the leaſt hinderance he quickly ſet footing in the Countrey of *Arcadia*, where he was welcomed by Peals of Bels, and Shoutings of People, with varietie of ſports contrived by young children: beſides the pleaſant Shepherds blowed their pipes, whileſt the prettie Sheperdeſſes chanted out their praiſes of their great God Pan. All theſe harmleſs paſtimes were ordered ſo conveniently, that he might have a perfect view

of them as he went by: and all was to declare the joy they conceived for *Clytifon*'s ſafe return, whoſe ſtay they heard was the onely delayance of the Princes Nuptials. And as he rode along, the ſilly Lambs did welcome him with leaps, whileſt the Fox that lurked in his private corner to catch them, discovered himſelf to do homage unto *Clytifon*, and by that means loſt his game; yet he chearing himſelf up with hopes of a more plentifull prey hereafter, returned to his former craft, and received that misfortune as a juſt recompence of his careleſneſs.

Thus *Clytifon*'s thoughts were taken up by ſundrie objects, till he had traced along ground ſo far as to the Citie of *Matenia*: there he might ſee Noble Perſonages glorie with their imployment, and to eſteem themſelves to be regarded were they not ſet to work. There he might behold the

the Palace richly furniſhing, and all the houſes gaudily decking up. There he might hear of abundance of ſeveral inventions for Masques, & other curious ſights that might be delightfull to the eye. But *Clytifon* paſſed by all theſe rare Scenes, they being in compariſon of his fantaſie, by him reputed ſuperfluous.

And now his eye was fixed upon the Lodge that ſhadowed the wonders of the world, and was ſeated about two miles diſtance from *Matenia*. Thither with eagerneſs he goes, where he was onely ſaluted by the diligent ſervants that directed him to the grove adjoyning to the Lodge, where the Princes juſt before were walked for recreation. Then as he went gazing about him, he diſcerned *Evarchus* King of *Macedon*, who ſignified his joy for his Sons and Nephews, to him, revived lives, by his lifted up hands and eyes, which with great

great devotion he rendered to the Gods in thankfulneſs.

For it happened after *Plangus* departure from *Macedon* with an Armie, *Evarchus* fearing his love-lines would give opportunitie for ſadneſs to overcome his languiſhing ſpirit, made a journey into *Arcadia* to viſit his antient Friend *Baſilius*. And after many ſtrange accidents had apparently been discovered, as the famous Sir *Philip Sydney* fully declares, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were found to be alive; and now he tarried in *Arcadia* to ſee his bleſſedneſs compleated in their Marriages. And in the mean time he diſpatched a meſſenger to *Plangus* to encourage him with thoſe welcom tidings. And then the good King confined himſelf wholy to the continual praiſes of the Divine providence for his unlooked for comfort. And now ſtraying from the reſt of the Princely companie, he fell to his wont-

wonted contemplations, and never moved from his devout poſture, till *Clytifon*'s ſuddain approach into his ſight, made him ſtart, and withall raiſed him.

Then *Evarchus* examined him how the noble Gentleman *Amphialus* did: but *Clytifon* was ſo mightily daſhed with his diſturbing of *Evarchus*, that he let ſilence be both his Anſwer and Pleader for his preſumption, which *Evarchus* perceiving, brought him into that ſolitary Arbor where *Pyrocles* in his diſguizement had the priviledge to reſort: There ſate *Baſilius* with *Genecea* his Queen, and he lovingly condoling with her for her former ſufferings that ſhe was then a ſounding in his attentive ears, but at *Evarchus* and *Clytifons* enterance they roſe up, and graciouſly ſaluting *Clytifon*, they commanded him to repeat thoſe Adventures that had befallen him at *Corinth*, if they were

were remarkable; but *Evarchus* prevailed with them to have patience, that *Philoclea*, whom it moſt concerned, might hear as ſoon as any; then they all went to the young Princes, and found them ſo well imployed, that had they not eſpied them, they would in pitie have paſſed by, and not diſturbed them.

Pyrocles and *Muſidorus* being ſeated upon a Fountaines brim, where in the middle *Cupids* Image was placed, ready the ſecond time to have wounded them; but they not minding him, ſtrived who ſhould with the comelieſt grace, and higheſt Rhetorick extoll their Miſtreſſes; whilſt the faire *Pamela*, with lovely *Philoclea* tied the trueſt Lovers knot in graſſe, that ever yet was tied; and now and then would pick a Flower to ſhew their Art, to tell the vertue of it; in theſe harmleſs pleaſures their Parents found them buſied.

Then

Then *Baſilius* cõming to P*hiloclea*, told her that *Clifiton* had brought her news of her ſervant *Amphialus*, & ſhe modeſtly bluſhing, replyed, that ſhe ſhould be glad to hear of her Coſins health; then *Baſilius* deſired them all to ſit down, that they might lend the better attention to *Clytifon*; but he in reverence to his Soveraigne, would ſtand, till *Baſilius* lay'd his commands upon him to the contrarie: then *Clytifon* recounted all circumſtances ſaving that about himſelf, as I have ſet down; and when he had ended, he preſented P*hiloclea* with *Helena*'s & *Amphialus* Letters, which ſhe courteouſly received; & when ſhe had broken them open, ſhe read them, but with ſuch Cryſtall ſtreames all the time droping from her Roſie cheeks, that had *Venus* been by, ſhe would have preſerved them in a Glaſſe to waſh her faice withall, to make her the more beautifull; and then her Servant P*yro-*

cles

cles gently wiped them away; but seeing them yet distil, he was angry, and shewed it on this manner. It is a hard Riddle to me, said he, that a Lover should write such a regardless Letter, to grieve and mar that face that he so much adored. He would longer have chid *Amphialus*, but that *Evarchus* advised him to take the Letter from his sorrowfull Ladie, which she willingly resigned unto him; and he read as followeth.

For the Incomparable PRINCESS, the Princess P*hiloclea*.

MADAM,

I *Am confident, you have heard what affection I have harboured in my heart, your (though unknown to me) most barbarous usage, and that I might clear mine innocence of such an heinous crime, with what a Tragical act I heaped up miserie upon miserie, which hath infinit-*

infinitly overwhelmed my diſtracted ſoul; and now I onely reſt in expectation of your commands. I beſeech you let it be ſo pitifull, that it may procure eternal eaſe to my extream perplexity; and nothing can diminiſh that but Death by your appointment; and that to me ſhall be moſt welcom; and I ſhall account my ſelf happy in obeying your deſires at the laſt moment, which I vow to accompliſh what ere it be, with chearfulneſs; and with this undaunted reſolution, I will ever continue to be,

Your faithfull,
though unworthy Servant,
AMPHIALUS.

Whileſt P*yrocles* was reading this, the ſweet P*hiloclea* ſtopt the remainder of her tears, till ſhe had taken a view of *Helena*'s. Then ſhe entreated her P*yrocles* to read over her Couſin *Amphialus* lines to her again. And ſhe attentively liſtening to his paſſionate

nate Phraſes, the ſecond time ſhe renewed her weeping deluge: but the ſtately P*amela* ſaid, her Coſin did wiſely to caſt himſelf into the Power of her ſiſter, he knew her clemencie, and conſidered it was his ſafeſt way to do ſo, before he ſet footing in *Arcadia*.

Then they all perſwaded P*hiloclea* not to grieve for that which ſhe might remedie, and adviced her to go and write a letter to *Amphialus*, and in it to command him to put in execution *Helena*'s demands. She immediatly aroſe, and at her riſing made the flowers to hang down their heads for want of her preſence: but her breath being a ſweeter perfume than the ſcent of the choiceſt Flowers, made her careleſs of their ſorrow; for ſhe not minding them, went her way; and P*yrocles*, who could be as well out of his life, as from her company, followed after her, and would needs wait

wait upon her to the lodge; and there he ſtaid till ſhe had written her Letter.

Which ſhe had no ſooner ended, and *Pyrocles* peruſed, but that ingenious *Clytifon* was readie upon his Horſe to receive it, that he might with ſpeed convey it to *Corinth.* So after abundance of commendations from *Philoclea* to *Helena* and *Amphialus*, he parted, and without any remarkable Paſſage, he quickly attained to his journeys end: where he was received between hope and fear by *Helena*, who hearing of his return, withdrew into a private room, and then ſent for him; but as ſoon as he was entred into her ſight, ſhe cryed out.

Good Sir, doe not break my heart with delayance; is there any poſſibility for me to live? if there be none, O ſpeak, that I may die! and end my fears: for if *Amphialus* doom be

death; I am reſolved not to live one minute after him. But *Clytifon*, as deſirous to give her eaſe, as ſhe could be to ask it of him, anſwered, That now the joyfull time was near at hand that *Amphialus* and ſhe ſhould be united together, and ſhould flouriſh with all happineſs that could be imagined; I beſeech you do not flatter me, ſaid *Helena*, ſuch vain perſwaſions will do no good, but make my fall the higher, and ſo more dangerous. Madam, replyed *Clytifon*, let me beg the favour of you to believe me, and if I have told you any falſhood, ſay I was never truſtie to my Friend, and you cannot puniſh me more to my vexation: but here is a Letter from my Lord to *Amphialus*, that will verifie me of the truth: Upon this *Helena* was brought to believe that felicitie to her, that ſhe ſo long hath wiſhed for, and cauſed vermilion Red to die her cheeks in preparation to receive

receive their welcom Gueſt: and then her earneſtneſs grew impatient of deferrings, ſhe longing to prie into P*hyloclea*'s letters, therefore ſealing up her lips from further queſtions, ſhe directed *Clytifon* to *Amphialus*, and then ſhe left him.

Amphialus in the mean time, whoſe bowels earned for *Clytifon*'s return, liſtened to all whiſperings. So then he ſeeing the Attendants ſo buſie in their private diſcourſes, he enquired whether *Clytifon* was come? juſt as he entered his preſence. Then after due civilities paſſed between them, *Clytifon* delivered up his charge to *Amphialus*, who uſed many ceremonies before he would preſume to touch it; but when he was better adviſed, he joyfully imbraced it, and by degrees he intruded upon it, for firſt he brake the ſeal, and then he made his proteſtation.

Now I do vow and promiſe before

Cupid, whoſe dart hath ſo cruelly wounded me, and before *Venus*, to whoſe beautie I am ſo much a ſlave, never in the leaſt to reſiſt *Philoclea*'s lines; but I will ſhew my dutie to her by my willingneſs to obey her pleaſure. And you my Lord *Clytifon*, with this Noble companie are witneſſes of this my Proteſtation.

Thus concluded he his ſolemn vow, and then he carefully unfolded the treaſure of his life, with a belief that every fold drew him nearer than other to Paradiſe: and when he read it, the curiouſeſt eye could not eſpie the leaſt motion of discontent to reſide in him; but he rather ſeemed as a Conquerour that had ſuddenly ſurpriſed unlookt-for comfort, which much conduced to the joy of the beholders. And when he had fully delighted his eyes with *Philoclea*'s gracious lines, he changed his note from admiring her perfections, to blazon his

his now amorous Phraſes of *Helena*'s worth; and then the ſweet behaviour of *Helena* to him in his calamitie extended to his memorie, which made him extreamly wonder at the hidden virtues of *Philoclea*'s letters, for working ſo great a cure in his underſtanding: therefore now aſſuring himſelf the Gods had deſtined *Helena* to be his Spouſe, in purſuance of their pleaſure, and of his own happineſs, he ſent to her in an humble manner to entreat her companie. Which Meſſage, poor Queen, ſhe heard as joyfully, as ſhe could have done, had *Mercury* poſted from Heaven to bring her tidings of her transporting thither: but yet trembling poſſeſſed her delicate bodie, and would not leave her, before ſhe had preſented her ſelf to *Amphialus*, who taking her by the white, yet ſhaking, hand, gratefully thanked her for her many favours: and then telling her he ſhould ſtudie

a requital, beſought her to hear the letter that his Coſin *Philoclea* had honoured him with. But *Helena* anſwered with bluſhes, whileſt he read the letter, thus,

For her highly-eſteemed Coſin, the Lord AMPHIALUS.

Worthie Coſin,

MIght I partake with the Gods in their intereſt in you, I would not be kept in ſuch ignorance and amazement, as I am at this preſent; but I would throughly ſearch what juſt occaſions I have ever given you, to hazard your perſon with ſuch ſad apprehenſions of my anger, as I hear without ſpeedie remedie will deprive you of all future felicitie. But laying by all that ambitious thought, in earneſt, Coſin, I muſt needs tell you, how without compariſon it troubles me, that you ſhould think me ſo ſevere and unnatural, to torment you with a ſecond death, for that fault,

which you have by ſo many evident ſigns manifeſted your ſelf to be innocent of, and if you had been guiltie as you are not, I ſhould rather chooſe to mitigate your crime, than any way to heighten it. But yet I will not profuſely let ſlip that advantage, which you have ſo freely left to my diſcretion, but will uſe it as an ornament to make you happie, yet not in way of authoritie, but as a Petitioner I humbly crave of you not to refuſe Beautie and Honor when it is ſo virtuouſly preſented to you by the famous Queen Helena, *whoſe love-lines ſurpaſſes all others.*

Therefore if you eſteem of me, prove it by entirely loving of her, who, I am ſure, will endow you with all ſuch bleſſings as may enrich your contentment. And now with full ſatisfaction, that you will grant me my requeſt, I cloſe up theſe abrupt lines, and am immoveably,

Your faithfull Coſin and
Servant, PHILOCLEA.

Here

Here the ſweet P*hiloclea* ended, and *Amphialus* with a low congee began to ſpeak to *Helena* in this manner: Fair Queen, what excuſe I ſhall make for my long incivilitie to your ſingular ſelf, I know not, nor can I imagin with what confidence to beg of you the perfecting of theſe compaſſionate lines; therefore for pitie ſake accept of my caſt-down eyes for my Soliciters, and let your goodneſs plead for my backwardneſs in ſubmitting to that duty of love to you, when the greateſt Princes tremble at your ſight, and worſhip you as their Image. Madam, ſuffer your Anſwer may be pitifull, ſince I acknowledge mine error.

My Lord, replied *Helena*, there is no cauſe given here to induce you to renew your grief, if my yielding my ſelf to your noble diſpoſal may be valued as a ſufficient ſatisfactory Argument to eaſe you, that hath ever been

been my endeavor in all virtuous ways to compaſs.

The more may be imputed to my unworthineſs, anſwered *Amphialus*; now I am ſurprized with ſhame in having ſo dull an apprehenſion, ſuch a ſtony heart to refuſe ſo rare a Perſon as your divine ſelf; but the Gods are juſt, for now the wheel of Fortune is turned, and if you pleaſe to revenge your wrong upon me the inſtrument, you cannot ſtab me with a ſharper ſpear, than your denial.

Why, ſaid *Helena*, do you force me to repeat my real affections to you ſo often? is it your jealouſie of my conſtancie? if it be that, with thanks to my Goddeſs *Diana*, I avouch, that I never harboured the leaſt unchaſt thought to ſcandalize or blemiſh my puritie.

Now I may challenge you, replied *Amphialus*, for ſearching out new ſorrows to your ſelf; but pardon me dear

dear Madam, for my raſh preſumption with chiding you for one fault, when I my ſelf am burdened with ſo many, and beleeve me, my higheſt ambition is to hear your heavenly voice ſound out the Harmonie of your love within mine ears; and when you vouchſafe me that, none can paralel with me in happineſs.

Thus they paſſed away the day with theſe, and afterwards more fond expreſſions; and amongſt them they concluded to make a journey into *Arcadia*, & for the greater Triumph, to celebrat their nuptials with the other renowned Princes, now in the height of their ſuperfluous complements, the news of the happy ſucceſs of *Philoclea*'s Letter had ſo ſpread about, that ſuch abundance of the Citie flocked to the Palace to ſee *Amphialus*, that *Helena* was forced to command the Officers, not to let any have admiſſion, until ſome important buſineſs,

they

they were to consult upon, might be accomplished; and then she promised free Passage to all: This caused every one to retire to their houses, and *Helena* and *Amphialus* after a while spared some time to advise with *Clytifon* to consider of the probablest way for them to go into *Arcadia*; the people of *Corinth* being in great expectation of their solemnizing the wedding there.

Then *Clytifon* counselled them on this manner. The surest way that I can think on is, to lay open your real intentions to the Peers of your Land, that by degrees, it may be published to the Vulgar; also declare that you will not yield to any thing that may prove to their prejudice; but if they will not receive that as satisfactory, but argue that it is a disparagement for their Country to suffer their Princess to depart from thence, and be transported into another, to have her

her marriage finiſhed; you may eaſily prevent their future diſlike of that particular; ſince the diſhonour of your Countrey concerns you moſt; and in all reaſon you ſhould have the moſt eſpecial care to preſerve it; you may pleaſe them with telling them, you do intend to make your Kingdom famous by the ſplendor of thoſe Princes that now reſide in *Arcadia*; and then you will ſolemnize your wedding with the ſame points that you uſe when you are there: and I am perſwaded their diſſentions will be quieted.

The Counſel of *Clytifon* was no way rejected, but very well eſteemed by the Royal lovers, who ſhewed their thankfulneſs by the large Theams they made of their judgements to him: and then telling him, that they muſt ſtill be more obliged to him, they entreated him to let his return to *Arcadia* be a little ſooner than theirs,

theirs, to give the Princely family intelligence of their following after; becauſe they were yet in their private lodge, it would not be commodious for them to come unto them unawares. *Clytifon* replied, That none ſhould do that Service but himſelf; then *Amphialus* told him it was high time for him to make good his words, for Queen *Helena*, and his own intention was to be at *Matenia* ſuddenly; thus after a few more ſpeeches paſſed, *Clytifon* took his leave, and diſpatched away with all expedition.

In the mean time *Helena* gallantly played her game; for at the immediate time of *Clytifon*'s departure from *Corinth*, ſhe proclaimed free Liberty for her Subjects acceſs unto her: then *Amphialus* and ſhe being arrayed in glorious Apparel, removed from their with-drawing Rooms into the Preſence, and there ſeated themſelves in the Throne: their Nobles coming

ing to them in their ranks, and kiſſing both their hands, rendered in all lowly manner their joy for their Queens carefull choice, in making ſo brave a Prince their high Lord. Then *Helena* declared her mind to them as *Clytifon* adviſed her, which at firſt ſtartled them, but ſhe argued in her own defence ſo wiſely, that ſhe quickly confuted and pacified thoſe diſturbers. But after them came Knights, Gentlemen, Citizens, in ſuch abundance, that they confined the Princeſs to their patience for a Week together. Beſides, the Countrey Peaſants, and all ſorts of Mechanicks, that with admiration preſſed to gaze upon them. But when their tedious task was over, they ſpent ſome time in pleaſing their fancies with the contrivance of ſtately curioſities, for the honour of their Nuptials. *Amphialus* and *Helena* concurring ſo well together, that nothing was com-

commended by the one, but inſtantly it was highly approved of and valued by the other. Which combining of theſe, was a rare example for the under-workmen, they endeavouring to follow their Superiours Rule, delighting in theſe fellows judgements, did to the lovers joy, unexpectedly finiſh their Art.

Then all accommodations being prepared in a readineſs, they departed from *Corinth*, their pomp being thus ordered, Three Chariots drawn by ſix horſes apiece, came whirling to the gate, the firſt was for ſix Noble men being of *Amphialus* his Bedchamber. That Chariot was lined with green Figerd-velvet, richly fringed; ſignifying the Princes loves. The Horſes were black; to manifeſt their mourning for being ſo long exiled from their loves. The next Chariot was lined with white Sattin, embroidered with gold, that was to witneſs

their

their innocencie, their love being virtuous: in that went six Ladies, attendants upon *Helena*. The third and last was for *Helena* and *Amphialus*, that was lined with blue, embroidered with Pearls and pretious Stones, the Horses wore plumes of Feathers; the Coach-man, Postilian, and six Footmens liveries were blew, as an Emblem of their constancie, and embroidered as the Chariot was. On this triumphant manner they went to *Arcadia*, besides an innumerable companie of Coaches and Horse-men that belonged to the Court; which keeping on a moderate pace, in short time safely set footing there: and the flying report, that would not be stoped for any mans pleasure, quickly gave notice to the Princes of *Helena*'s and *Amphialus* being come.

But they had before removed to their Palace, being in perpetual expectation of their companie: and to shew

ſhew how glad they were to enjoy it, *Muſidorus* and *Pamela*, with *Pyrocles*, going altogether in a Coach, went out a good diſtance from the Citie to meet them: which they could hardly compaſs to do, by reaſon of the multitudes that went to ſee that magnificent Sight; until they had appointed Officers to beat a Lane: ſo that at laſt they made a narrow paſſage. It was an incomparable Sight to ſee *Helena* and *Amphialus* greet *Philoclea*? what low congies they made to her, as if ſhe had been their Goddeſs! whileſt ſhe courteouſly reverenced them again. Then *Helena* and ſhe ſtood admiring one anothers Beautie, till *Amphialus* had ſaluted the other Princes, and yet returned ſoon enough to break their ſilence. Ladies, ſaid he, there is no occaſion given to ſtir up ſadneſs in Rebellion againſt mirth & happineſs, for here we may ſee Love coupled together, when

we have known by experiments it to have been dispersed by many strange accidents. And most sweet Princess *Philoclea*, by your gracious lines I am preserved from perpetual miserie, to enjoy a Crown endowed with all felicitie. But yet, Madam, all that I can do or say in requital, is to let you know that I am and ever shall be, your humble Servant.

I beseech you Cosin, replied *Philoclea*, do not your self that injurie, to confess you were thrust forward to your contentment. And seriously, when I obtained a sight of this rare Queen, I was astonished at your former backwardness. But since *Cupid* did play his part so cunningly as to make you blind, I am extream glad that I could be an instrument worthie to recover your decayed eyes and languishing spirits; and I am beholding to your goondess in obeying my request. Here *Philoclea* ended; and

Amphia-

Amphialus was furniſhed with a Replie.

When *Muſidorus* brought in *Pamela* to *Helena*, whom ſhe civily welcomed to *Arcadia*; but upon *Amphialus* ſhe looked aloft, as not deſerving to be regarded by her. Which *Muſidorus* perceiving, he ſecretly perſwaded her to look favourably upon him. Whoſe advice was received by her as a command that ſhe durſt not withſtand. So ſhe altering her disdainfulneſs into chearfulneſs, bent her diſcourſe to *Amphialus*, that at laſt they grew excellent companie for one another, and ſo continued; till their thoughts were taken up with amazement at ſight of *Clytifon*, who came hallowing to them; and with ſigns pointed to them to haſt into their Chariots. But they not underſtanding his meaning, delayed their ſpeed, till he came nearer, and certified them that there was a Meſſenger come

from P*langus* to *Evarchus*, but he would not be perſwaded to deliver his buſineſs, before *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles* were preſent.

This newes ſtrook *Pamela* and P*hiloclea* into an extremity of ſadneſs; for then P*langus* ſtorie was renewed into their memorie, which made them ſuſpect it was ſome envious errand to ſeparate their affections; but their beloved Princes uſed all perſwaſions that might comfort them, and then led them to *Amphialus* Chariot, that being the largeſt, and in that regard the moſt convenient; they being too full of perplexity to minde matters of State, went altogether, that they might the better paſſe away the time with company.

Then in a diſtracted manner they went to *Matenea*, and quietly paſſed through the Streets till they came to the Palace, where they had much a-

do

do to enter, by reaſon of the throng that was there making enquiries after the *Armenian* Meſſenger; yet at laſt the Princeſs obtained entrance; where *Helena* and *Amphialus* were with all reſpect welcomed by *Baſilius* and *Genecea*: and when many Complements were conſummate, they all went to the Preſence, where *Evarchus* and the Meſſenger were. Then *Evarchus* told them there was a buſineſs of conſequence to diſcover, and he wiſhed them to give audience to it; Then all noiſe being appeaſed; the Meſſenger turning to *Evarchus*, ſaid theſe following words.

Moſt renowned King; Prince *Plangus*, Generall of your forces in *Armenia*, hath ſent me to recount unto your Majeſtie the truth of his proceedings ſince his departure from *Macedon*; which if your Majeſtie pleaſe to heare, I ſhall in a little time bring it about to his preſent Conditi-

on. Know then, Gracious Sir, Prince *Plangus* had hardlie ſet footing in the *Armenian* Land, before he was ſurpriſed by the unfortunate News of his Ladie *Erona*'s being delivered up into the power of her Tyrannical enemies. You may imagine what diſcouragement this was to him at his firſt entrance, to be almoſt deprived of his chiefeſt victory: but yet he hid his grief, ſhewing his undaunted ſpirit to his Armie; he doubled their march, and at length overtook the Forces of the deceitfull *Plaxirtus*, and with loſſe of a few men, he ſo diſordered them, that he and all his Armie marched through the middeſt of our Adverſaries, whilſt they like frighted men ſtood gazing on us; yet we not altogether truſting to our ſafeties, to their amazement, placed a a reaſonable company in Ambuſh to hold them play, if they ſhould venture to fall on us; and we having Intelligence

telligence that *Plaxirtus* himſelf was but a mile before us, attended by a ſmall Guard, becauſe of his Confidence in his forces that were behind him, purſued him: & he not doubting but that we were of his confederacie, turned back his Horſe, and ſtaid that we might overtake him, thinking thereby to do us a favour: but Prince *Plangus* not having patience to ſee him ſo well pleaſed, galloped towards him; which *Plaxirtus* ſeeing, and knowing his own guilt, began to diſtruſt that then he ſhould receive a due reward; and then he cryed out, Are we freinds? Are we freinds? but Prince *Plangus* riding to him, claſped him about the waſt, and gallantly threw him off his horſe, and then anſwered him, That he ſhould be always his freind to do him ſuch courteſies as they were; which the Guard hearing, they ſhewed us that they were expert in running, though not

in fighting, for in a moment they were all fled away: then Prince P*langus* having his greateſt Adverſary at his feet, and ſtudying the moſt convenient way to fulfill your Majeſties deſire, to preſerve him alive, till he might be more openly put to death: juſt than a Trumpeter came to him from *Artaxia*, with a paper in his hand, which he delivered to P*laxitus*, wherein *Artaxia* declared, That her Coſin P*langus*, whom ſhe entertained civilly in her Court, was riſen in Arms againſt her, and had brought Forreigners to invade her Land; and that he had not onely forgotten her former kindneſs to him, but alſo broken the laws of Nature, ſhe being his neer kinſwoman; and not onely with her, but alſo with her dear and lawfull Husband P*laxirtus*, whom he had taken and made a Priſoner; and ſhe further declared, That whatſoever cruelty be inflicted upon P*laxirtus*, ſhe would

would do the like, or worſe to *Erona*. And if he did not quickly ſend her a ſatisfactorie Anſwer, ſhe would begin with *Erona* firſt, and make her endure the greateſt torments that ſhe could poſſibly, and live.

This put Prince *Plangus* into a world of confuſed cogitations: for very unwilling he was to let go unrevenged the bloudy contriver of theſe Princes ſuppoſed murder: and if he did not in ſome degree yield to that, then his beloved Lady *Erona* muſt ſuffer thoſe intollerable tortures. But when he was in the height of paſſion, to think that from a victor he muſt become Slave, we might perceive a Traveller guided to us by ſome of the Souldiers. At that ſight Prince *Plangus* entreated the Trumpeter to ſtay till he had known the meaning of the ſtrangers coming. He was your happy Meſſenger, O King, that delivered the Queen *Erona* from miſerie. He it

was

was that brought the joyful news of the ſafetie of theſe famous Princes to perplexed Prince *Plangus*. And that ſo well revived him, that after he had worſhipped *Apollo* for ſuch an unlookt-for bleſſing, he chearfully dispatcht away the Trumpeter with his anſwer, that now the Treacherie of *Plaxirtus* was brought to nought, for *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were miraculouſly preſerved, and lived to be examples of virtue: and if ſhe would ſtand to the former Articles, *Plaxirtus* ſhould be ſet at libertie, now the renowned Princes want your aſſiſtance in defence of the Ladie *Erona*, whoſe life is now in your power; for by me *Plaxirtus* an *Anaxius* challenge you to anſwer them in a Combat for the diſtreſſed Queen, and if you prove victorious over them, the ſame day *Erona* ſhall be freed from her impriſonment: but if the contrarie ſide prevail, at that time *Erona* muſt be put

to

to death. Theſe are the Articles before agreed upon, and now the ſecond time reſolved on. If you will hazard your Perſons in the Quarell, the whole Kingdom of *Armenia* being in expectation of your valour, that may end the differences.

Thus the Meſſenger concluded, and *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* ſent him back to *Armenia*, with promiſe of their ſpeedie following after him. It would have made a Rock, had it been by, burſt out in tears in reference to the companie. And had *Narciſſus* been never raviſhed with his own conceited beautie, yet had he been there, he would have wept into fountains, to ſee the beſt of Princes turmoiled in waves of affections: And Fortune deluding them, perſwaded them they were near refreſhment, when they were environed with their chiefeſt calamities. Here you might ſee *Pamela* with her Arms wreathed about

about *Muſidorus*, as if ſhe intended there ſhould be her reſt, till he had granted her requeſt, & her caſt-down eyes and weepings that bedewed her pure cheeks did witneſs her abundant ſorrow. But at laſt, wiping them away, ſhe conteſted with *Muſidorus* and her ſelf on this manner:

Dear *Muſidorus*, do not part from her to whom you have ſo often plighted your faith. If you love me, as you vow you do, why will you abandon my preſence? oh do not break my heart with your inconſtancie, nor ſtain your other virtues with ſuch a crime, as never can be waſht away; therefore ſtay, or elſe confute me with your reaſon, and then I ſhall hate my paſſion, and contemn my ſelf, for valuing my intereſt in your affections above the main treaſure, ſo accounted by the heavenly and earthly ſocietie, in keeping an honourable and unblemiſhed reputation; which if you can

can do, and yet leave me, I will never ſhew my ſelf ſuch a ridiculous lover as to be your hinderance. My thrice dearer than my ſelf, replied *Muſidorus*, do not afflict me with the word Inconſtancie; if I were guiltie, then might you juſtly tax me with it. But far be the thought of infidelitie from me: and believe me Ladie, P*laxirtus* cannot pierce his ſword deeper into my heart, than theſe ſharp words, which proceeded from your ſweet lips have done. But for my Combat in *Armenia*, that is ſo neceſſarie, that none can decide the Quarrel, unleſs it be my Coſin *Pyrocles* and my ſelf, by reaſon of *Artaxia* & P*laxirtus* thirſting for our lives, they will never ſuffer *Erona* to be releaſed from priſon, before they have vented their malice upon us, in as great a meaſure as their abilitie can give them leave. And beſides, ſhould I refuſe, it would redound ſo extreamly upon my renown

nown, that every one would be readie to object, that ſince a Woman prevailed over me, I am directly cowardized. And now, dear Ladie, I dare preſume you will rather let me venture my life in defence of ſo juſt a cauſe, than to let it go unrevenged to my deſerved infamie.

Poor P*amela* all this while ſeemed like one in a trance, not having power to contradict *Muſidorus* in his pleadings, nor yet able to ſubmit her yielding to them; but made her tears and ſighs her advocates, when he with all perſwaſions ſought to comfort her. And in the mean time the ſweet P*hilo*clea, who lay grovelling at her P*yrocles* feet, and would not be removed, expreſſed her grief in theſe mournfull complaints.

Ah me! ſaid ſhe, that I ſhould be born under ſuch an unfortunate Planet of unhappie events that dayly afflict me! tell me, my P*yrocles* the cauſe

cauſe that makes you ſo willingly hazard your perſon in ſuch dangerous attempts? if you can tax me with any errors, to my ſelf unknown, that might work your displeaſure, O tell me what they are that I may mend, and ſtudie ſome eaſier waw to puniſh me than by your intended death. But if nothing elſe may reconcile me to you, yet ſhew your clemencie, and let your own bleſſed hand firſt end my miſerie.

Here ſhe ſtopped, and perceiving *Pyrocles* to be in as amazed condition as ſhe her ſelf was, not knowing what to do or ſay to appeaſe her ſorrow, ſhe premeditated, that now or never was her time to keep him with her in ſafetie, and then ſhe ſuddenly aroſe from the ground, and ſtanding a while in great devotion, at laſt ſhe cried out;

Now am I readie to receive thy harmleſs Spear into my heart, now ſhew thy love & pitie to me quickly,

and

and preſerve me not alive to endure ſuch terrour as cannot be charmed away, unleſs you will promiſe me the enjoyment of your companie. But *Pyrocles* ſtarted up, and catching her in his arms, adviced her not to give way to ſorrow, the hater of Beautie, to rule over her; nor yet to miſtruſt ſhe ever offended him, but that ſhe was more pretious to him than the world could be; and that he made no queſtion but that he ſhould return again from *Armenia* to enjoy her with peace and happineſs.

With theſe and many more ſuch expreſſions, he ſtrived to chear her up. But ſhe ſtill kept on bewailing her ill fortune, and would not be pacified: untill *Muſidorus* came to her and entreated her to go to her Siſter *Pemela*, and to ſhew her discretion by moderating her paſſion, that ſhe might be a motive to reduce her Siſter to follow her example, who now lay weltering

tering in her tears. Theſe tidings perſwaded her to defer her own cares, that ſhe might in ſome meaſure work a cure in her ſiſter, whom ſhe valued, next to her *Pyrocles*, above all the world. And then ſhe would not delay the time with bemoaning herſelf, but haſtily went her way ſupported by the two illuſtrious branches of the forreſt, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*.

But as ſhe went there repreſented to her view the two antient Kings, *Evarchus* and *Baſilius* walking to and fro like ſhadows, and looked as they would have done, had one come out of the Grave to warn them to prepare themſelves in ſhort time to come to them. This doleful ſight had like to have prevailed over her, and made her fall into a Relapſe of paſſion; but the rememberance of the task ſhe was going about ſuppreſſed thoſe vapours. And being come withi the ſight of *Pamela*, whoſe deluge was ſtayd

a little to pauſe, that it might iſſue more freſhly and eagerly at *Philocleas* preſence) whom as ſoon as ſhe eſpied, ſhe perceived her hidden diſcontent, and rebuked one this manner.

Siſter, think not your diſſembling ſmiles can entiſe me to follow your example, for I can as perfectly ſee through you into your grieved heart, as if you were transparent, and know your pain that now you endeavour to conceal. Oh! leave theſe counterfeits, and you will be a farr more acceptable comforter unto me.

Poor *Philoclea* could no longer withſtand the batteries of *Pamela*, but confeſſed her forced mirth, and then inſtead of aſſwaging, they augmented one anothers ſorrows with ſuch lamentable moans, that *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were forced to give way to Sighs, till their thoughts were ſurpriſed by the coming of *Clytifon*, who brought them word, that the two

Kings

Kings ſtayed at the door to ſpeak with them. Then they ſoftly went out of the Chamber, and were received by *Baſileus* and *Evarchus*, who told them, that ſince it ſtood ſo much upon their Honours to endeavour to redeem that diſtreſſed Ladie, they adviſed them not to linger in the performance of it, for nothing was in their way to cauſe any delay, and the ſooner they went, the ſooner by *Apollo*'s aſſiſtance they might return: To whoſe mercie they recommended them, and commanded them, that when they had obtained a proſperous journey, and had vanquiſhed their enemies, not to be negligent in ſending them word of it, that they might be ſharers in their joy as well as their ſorrow. Then after both the Kings had made them happie with their bleſſings, they ſent them away.

Though firſt *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* would needs take a review of their

Ladies Pavilion, but not of their Perſons, out of conſideration that it would but double their affliction: and then reverencing the carpet on which they uſed to tread, they took their leave of the deſolate Chamber, and did reſolve to travel alone. Had not *Kalodolus*, *Muſidoru's* faithful Servant, made a vow that no occaſions ſhould perſwade him to leave his maſter again; ſo that *Muſidorus*, ſeeing there was no remedie, yielded to his deſires. Nor could *Amphialus* noble heart well brook to ſtay behind, for oftentimes he entreated them that he might go a ſecond for them, or elſe a ſervant to them. But they anſwered him that he could not do them better Service than to accompany his Coſins, and make much of them in their abſence: then, after they had accompliſhed ſome more Complements, they parted, *Amphialus* to his charge, and the Princes commit-

ed

ed themſelves into the hands of wavering Fortune. Who having already ſhewed them her frowns, would now pleaſure them with her ſmiles, which firſt ſhe discovered by conveying them ſafely to *Armenia*, where they were welcomed unanimoſly by all, but eſpecially by *Plangus*, who could hardly confine his joy within the bounds of reaſon.

But the Princes being mindfull of his buſines, deſires *Plangus* to haſten their Combat, becauſe their Ladies were in a deſpairing condition of ever ſeeing them again, and they aſſured him they did not fear to enter within the compaſs of *Plaxirtus*, ſo long as it was by the publick agreement, and not by ſecret practices. *Plangus* certified them that all things were prepared for their accommodation, and that they might, if they pleaſed, exerciſe their valour upon their enemies the next morning. And that two Scaffolds

Scaffolds were erected, the one for *Artaxia*, she intending to be a Beholder, the other for *Erona*, who is to be brought thither guarded as a Prisoner, and in her sight there is a Stake in readines to consume her, if they be overcome. This last he uttered in such mournful expressions, that *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* vowed to spend their hearts bloud, but that they would release & deliver *Erona* from the power of *Artaxia*.

And before they would refresh themselves with *Plangus* entertainments, they dispatched a Trumpeter to *Plexirtus* and *Anaxius* to certifie them, they were come to answer their challenge, and had set apart the next morning for that purpose: the Trumpeter soon returned with this reply, that the sooner it was, the more advantagious it would prove to them, and they would not fail to meet them at the place and time appointed. Thus they

they agreed upon the next morning; and when the Prince had partaked of *Plangus* Supper, they yielded to sleep, which forsook them not till the promised time was near at hand.

Early in the morning *Plaxirtus* and *Anaxius* puffed up with Pride, and not questioning but that they should be Conquerours, put on their Armour, and mounting their steeds, galloped to the List. And *Artaxia*, thinking to vent her spleen with gazing at the overthrow of the Princes, came to the Scaffold attired in all her costly and glorious apparel, and with as great a Train as she would have had, were she to have been spectator of her Husbands Coronation, King of *Armenia*.

Within awhile was *Erona* brought guarded by a Band of Souldiers to her Scaffold, where she might see the end of her miserie by the Fire, or otherwise by *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*

victorie: but ſhe, being wearied out of her life by ſundrie afflictions, looked as gladly upon the fiery Stake, as ſhe did upon her famous Champions who were then entered the liſt, and waving their ſwords about their heads; *Pyrocles* encountred *Anaxius* and *Muſidorus Plaxirtus*. Then entered they into ſo fierce a fight, that it goes beyond my memorie to declare all the paſſages thereof: but both Parties ſhewed ſuch magnanimity of Courage, that for a long time none could discern who ſhould be victors; Till at length *Muſidorus* gave a fatal thruſt to *Plaxirtus*, who being before faint with loſs of bloud, fell from his Steed, and in the fall claſht his Armour in pieces; and then his Steed, for joy that he was eaſed of ſuch a wicked burden, pranced over his disgraced maſter, and not ſuffering him to die ſuch an honourable death as by *Muſidorus* Sword, trampled out his guts,

while

while *Plaxirtus*, with curſes in his mouth, ended his hateful life.

Then *Pirocles* redoubled his blows ſo eagerly upon *Anaxius*, that he could no longer withſtand them, but gnaſhing his teeth for anger, he fell at *Pyrocles* feet and died. Thus pride and Treacherie received their juſt reward.

But then *Artaxia*'s glory was turned into mourning, and her rich attire into, rags as ſoon as ſhe perceived *Plaxirtus* wounded, his bloud guſhing out, his Horſe treading on him, and he himſelf dying with bitter groans and frantick ſpeeches, which he breathed out at his laſt moment for fear of further torments: ſhe tare off her hair, and rent her cloths in ſo enraged a manner, that ſhe drew all eyes from the corps in wonder and amaſement on her. Nor could any thing regulate her furie, but ſhe violently run down to the corps, and

there

there breathed out her complaints.

In which time *Plangus* called his Souldiers together, and went up to the other ſcaffold to releaſe *Erona*; though at firſt he was forced to make a way with his ſword, the Guard reſolving not to ſurrender her, till they had received a further command from *Artaxia*: but *Plangus* made them repent their ſtrictneſs, and ask *Erona* pardon for it. And after he was revived with a warm kiſs from her hand, he led her down to *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*: Who having forgot the former injuries *Artaxia* had done them, courteouſly perſwaded her not to bemoan him, whoſe memorie was reprochfull to all the world, for valuing his one deceitfulneſs above virtue; and then they told her, it would be more for her renown, to ſolemnize for him ſuch obſequies as are ſeeming for a Prince, he being of the race, although he learned not to follow their

their example; and then to proclaim her ſorrow for joyning with him in his miſchief. Many more ſpeeches they uſed to her, ſome to abate her grief, & others to aſſwage her malice; but at firſt ſhe would liſten to none; yet afterwards being better adviſed, ſhe ſent for two magnificent Hearſes, and before ſhe would ſuffer *Plaxirtus* his corps to be laid in, ſhe pronounced her reſolution on this manner:

Since it hath pleaſed *Apollo*, who hath the Government of all things on earth, to ſuffer *Plaxirtus* to fall by your proweſs, I do here by this dead bodie vow to you, to end my life in Widowhood. And you Coſin *Plangus*, whom I have ſo infinitely wronged with this fair Ladie *Erona*, to you I do reſign up the Authoritie of my Kingdom, being, after my deceaſe, the lawfull Succeſſour. I ſhall deſire onely a competencie to keep me from famiſhment: but if theſe your valiant Cham-

Champions will have you go to *Arcadia*, to finiſh your Marriage there, in that time I will be your truſtie Deputie, to order your affairs here in *Armenia*, until you return from thence. Then ſhe commanded the corps to be laid in the Hearſe, and taking leave of the Royal companie, ſhe went along with it.

Now the Princes had time to take notice of *Erona*'s ſadneſs. And *Plangus*, who had been all this time courting her to be his Miſtreſs, could obtain no favour from her, but far-fetcht ſighs, and now and then Chryſtal drops diſtilling from their fountains. Theſe apparent ſigns of her disconſolate mind, grounded a great deal of cares in the hearts of the Princes, who bending all their endeavours to inſinuate *Plangus* into her affections, they firſt ſifted her with theſe Queſtions; Whether her being preſerved from the crueltie of *Plaxirtus*, was the cauſe

of

of her discontentment? or whether, ſhe grieved for her deliverance? and therefore hated them for fighting in her defence? Theſe Queſtions put *Erona* into ſuch Quondaries, that ſhe could not, for a while, determin what to anſwer. But at laſt ſhe pitcht upon true ſinceritie, and freely diſplayed her griefs to them, in theſe terms:

Do not, I beſeech you, plead ignorance of that which is ſo palpable. Have you not heard how they tortured my Husband *Antifalus* to death? why then do you renew it in my memorie? which might have been prevented if you, Prince *Plangus*, had ſhewed your realitie to me, as you proteſted you would by Policie ſet him at liberty, but all was neglected and *Antifalus* was barbarouſly murdered, and yet you are not aſhamed to preſume upon my weakneſs, in pretending you are my Servant, that you may the

ſecond time deceive me. Longer ſhe would have chidden *Plangus*; but that he falling down humbly begged ſhe would have conſideration upon him, and heare him. Then with ſilence ſhe admitted him, and he declared, how that according to his promiſe made to her Sacred ſelf, he did proſecute ſo faithfully, that he brought all things to a readineſs, and might have been perfected, but that the timorous *Antifalus* discovered the whole Plot the ſame night it was to be put in execution. And this without any ſcruple, he would take his oath was true. *Erona* conſidered very much of this ſaying of *Plangus*: and *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* watching their opportunity, juſt as ſhe was replying, interrupted her, and told her they were confident ſhe might give credit to what *Plangus* had ſpoken; and if ſhe durſt rely upon their advice, they would recommend him to her for her

her Husband, as ſoon as the greateſt Monarch in the world. Theſe Princes ſeconding *Plangus* in his excuſes, mitigated *Erona's* penſivenes, ſo that cheerfully ſhe yielded her ſelf to be at *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* diſpoſing: for, ſaid ſhe, I am bound by ſo many Obligations to you, that I cannot ſuffer my requitall to be a refuſall. Onely I deſire that Prince *Plangus* may approve the truth of his words with an Oath, as he himſelf hath propounded. Which he willingly did upon that condition, and ſhe accepted of him as her betrothed Husband. And Cupid by degrees ſo skillfully drew her affection to him, that ſhe was as firmly *Planguses*, as ever ſhe was *Antifaluses* to the abundant joy of all their friends.

Now *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* imployments being in every particular accompliſhed as well as could be wiſhed, They remembring the charge of

of *Evarchus* to them; together with the cares of their ſorrowfull Ladies, they preſently ſent a Poſt to *Arcadia* to ſignifie the news of their ſafety: but yet there remained the care of diſpatching their Armie into their native Countrey *Macedon*. And as they were conferring which way they might compaſs that matter of ſuch conſequence quickly, *Kalodolus* being at the counſel put in his verdict, which was liked very well, and inſtantly put in practice; for he having a ſpecial friend in whom he very much confided, he adviſed that he might be truſted to be General in *Plangus* room, that they might orderly go home, and after they were payd their due, to diſmiſs them and let them go to their own Houſes.

When all this was performed: they commanded all conveniences to be prepared for their own accommodation about their return to *Arcadia*; but

but for curiosities they would not stay for them, but limited a day for their departure. In which time *Erona* imployed her inventions about a Present for *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, which she was verie ambitious of, they being the mistresses of *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, to whom she acknowledged her self infinitely engaged; and without delayance, she set all her Maids to work the Story of their love, from the fountain to the happy conclusion: which by her busie fancie she shadowed so artificially, that when it was perfected, and she had shewed it to the Princes, they vowed that had they not known by experience those passages to have been gone and past, they should have believed they were then in acting in that piece of workmanship.

Now all the work was ended, their necessaries were in a readiness, fair and temperate weather bespake their

fuller happineſs. All theſe ſo well concurring, enticed the Princes to begin their journey. And Fortune, dealing favourably, conducted them ſafely and ſpeedily to the *Arcadian* Court. Where they were received with ſuch joy by their Conſorts, and Parents eſpecially, and by all in general, as it would make two large ſtorie to recount all their diſcourſes, with their affectionate expreſſions that paſſed between the Royal lovers. Paſſing by all other, give me leave to tell you, it was a prettie ſight to ſee the four Ladies, *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, with *Helena* and *Erona*, admiring one anothers perfections, all of them having the worſt opinions of themſelves, and the better of their neighbours. Therefore to decide the controverſie, *Philoclea* entreated her *Pyrocles*, to make a motion to *Muſidoru's*, *Plangus*, and *Amphialus* to ſpend their judgements upon them.

Pyrocles

Pyrocles immediately obeyed her; but esteemed best of their own mistresses.

Pyrocles liked *Philoclea* best, became her sparkling eyes, pure complection, and sweet features were crowned with such modest courtesie, that she ravished all her Beholders, and perswaded them they were in Paradise, when they were in her heavenly Angel-like companie, Earth not affording her fellow.

Musidorus avouched, his fair *Pamela* was always clad with such a Majestie, as bespake her a Queen in spite of the Destines; yet that Majestie was so well composed with Humility, that it seemed but an out case to a more excellent inward virtue.

Then came *Phangu's* turn, who said that in his judgement, *Erona* deserved to be extolled in the highest measure, for though her splendor was something darkened by her sadness and sufferings, yet under that veil her

brightneſs did appear to ſhoot forth beams of goodneſs to every one that did approch her Preſence.

Amphialus was laſt, who proteſted there could not be a lovelier creature than *Helena* was, ſo adorned with all gifts of Nature, that he verily believed if ſhe had tempted *Adonis*, as *Venus* did, he could not in the leaſt have denied her. And he aſſured himſelf, that by the determination of the Gods, they being in love with her themſelves, *Cupid* had ſtrook him blind, that in the mean time they might purſue their love; but ſeeing ſhe was reſolved to accept of no other but him, they for pitie ſake opened his eyes: and now he was amazed at his former perverſeneſs. This conceipt of *Amphialus* made the Ladies exceeding merrie. Till *Evarchus* came to them and ſpake thus:

Young Princes, I came now to remēber you how often you have been by

by ſeveral accidents, fruſtrated of your deſired Felicity: you ſee a little blaſt alters your happineſs into a world of ſorrows. Therefore harken to my counſel, whoſe gray hairs witneſs my better experience of the world than your green years. Do not linger away the time in Courtſhip: that is as bad as to be careleſly raſh. Finiſh therefore the knot, that no croſſes or calamities can unfiniſh, without further deferrings.

This command of *Evarchus*, did not at all displeaſe the four Bridegrooms. Nothing hindered now but their agreeing about the day; and that made no long diſputation neither, for two days following happened to be *Pamela*'s. Birth-day, and that they concluded ſhould be the Bridal-day.

Now the night before theſe happy Nuptials, *Erona* preſented *Pamela* and *Phyloclea* with her rare piece of

work, which they received with thanks and admiration; and for the honour of *Erona* (ſhe being the inventor of it) they cauſed it to be hung up by the Image of *Cupid* in the Temple, and after paſſed the night in quietneſs.

Early in the morning the Sun ſhot forth his glorious beams, and awakened the lovers. But when they were up, he hid himſelf a while within the waterie clouds, weeping that they were brighter Suns than he: yet when they were gaurded with their nuptial Robes, he diſperſed the clouds again, and cleared his eyes, that he might with envie gaze upon their luſtre; and the Brides without diſdain yielded their beauties to his peruſal. When the Middle-day had almoſt run his courſe to the After-noon, the four Bride-grooms imitating one another in their Apparel, were all in gray cloth embroydered with gold, richly clad,

clad, yet not fantaſtick; in their left hands they held their ſwords, but in their right their Brides.

Firſt went *Muſidorus* leading his fair Princeſs *Pamela*, whoſe comely behaviour and ſweet ſympathie, manifeſted her joy, that then *Muſidorus* and ſhe ſhould be ſo united to live and die together. Upon her head ſhe bare an imperial Diadem, which agreed comparatively to her ſtately mind. Her Garments were cloth of Tiſſue, that in a careleſs faſhion hanged looſe about her. And round her Neck ſhe wore a Chain of Orient Pearl. Upon her Alabaſter ſhoulders a blue Scarf was caſt, that being whirled ſometimes with the wind, did ſeem to blow her to *Hymens* Temple. Six virgin Nimphs attired in White attended on her. The two foremoſt perfumed the ayr as they went with their odiferous ſweets; but that was ſuperfluous, for *Pamela*'s breath left

a far more fragrant ſcent than the artificial curioſities could do; next to them followed two other Virgins with Holie-water in their hands, which they ſprinkled as they went, to purifie all ſinfull vapors; but that alſo was needleſs, for no harm durſt come near the Virtuous *Pamela*, whoſe looks could charm even wicked Fiends: then the two laſt followed P*amela*, bearing up her train. Thus was ſhe guarded to the Temple with her beloved *Muſidorus*; and after them went P*yrocles* and P*hiloclea*, P*langus* and his *Erona*, and *Amphialus* with his *Helena*, all in the ſame order as *Muſidorus* and P*amela*: then the Prieſt united their hands, and as their hands, ſo their hearts together; and the former crueltie of *Fortune* was ever after turned into pitie.

The Temple where theſe Nuptial Rites were thus celebrated, was ſcituate in a garden, or rather a Paradiſe for

for its delightfulneſs; the murmuring of the waters that flowed from a Fonntain at firſt entrance dividing, themſelves into four ſtreams, ſeeming to threaten, and yet enticing the comers to venter further; the Fountains bedecked with the Images of *Diana* and her Maids, the Goddeſs figured with an auſtere countenance, pointing to the luſt-full *Venus*, whoſe Statue at a little diſtance ſtood, as ſhe with lacivious actions endeavored to entrap the modeſt Boy *Adonis*, but *Hymen* on the other ſide diſputes, thoſe whom his Prieſts unite, cannot be ſtiled *Venu's*, but *Diana*'s. The perfumed flowers grew ſo thick in the direct way to the Temple, that they ſerved for Carpets to conſecrate the Mortals feet before they approched into it: the Temple was built of Marble; the out-ſides adorned with Portratures of the Gods. *Fortune* was ſeated at the frontier of it, which at the

the leaſt motion of the beholder, repreſented a ſeveral geſture. And all the Gods, in their degrees, ſat preſidents to the obſervers.

The inſide was not ſo uniform as artificial, it winding into ſeveral circles in the paſſage to the ſacred place: and all the way were emblems in Marble, of the calamities of Lovers before they can be ſet in *Hymens* Temple; many of them repreſenting the Princes ſufferings. The middle of the Temple is not ſo gorgeous as decent, where there met with the Princes, ſome of *Hymens* Officers attired in white robes trailing on the ground. Theſe preſented the Bride-grooms with Swords and Ballances, and their Brides with Lawrel; & when they had here ſounded a ſweet harmonie to *Hymen*, they went back from the Temple to the Court.

Where you may conjecture with what joy they were received by *Evarchus*,

thus, *Basilius*, and *Genecia*, they all pouring out their blessings upon them. Then passed they away the remainder of the day with all sorts of Musick, Dancing, and other varieties of mirth.

Whilst a famous Mask was presenting in the greatest glorie to the view of the Princes, and an innumerable companie of noble Personages: *Mopsa*, sole heir to *Damatas*, who was by *Basilius* favour, the Princess *Pamela*'s Governour, when she resided in the Lodge, went to *Philoclea*, and wrying her neck one way and her mouth another, she squeazed out these ensuing words. Fair Princess, I intend not to forget the promise you made me, when I told you a part of a curious tale, how you assured me your Wedding Gown, if I would afford to finish my Storie on that welcom day: but now the greatest part of the day is run away, and you are raised so high on your tip-toes, that you do not vouch-

safe

ſafe me to be in your books, but chooſe rather to gaze upon theſe ſtrange ſights, than to remember me, or your Gown. The ſweet *Philoclea* could not forbear bluſhing to hear *Mopſa* reprove her ſo ſharply; but to make her ſilent for the preſent, ſhe renewed her promiſe, and *Mopſa* very impatiently ſtayed out the vaniſhing of their Scenes; which when *Philoclea* perceived, ſhe ſmilingly led *Mopſa* by her hand into the middeſt of the Royal companie, where ſhe left her to exerciſe her diſcretion; and withdrawing at a diſtance from her, ſhe discovered to her Paramour *Pyrocles*, *Mopſa*'s ambition, who immediately cauſed all noiſes to be huſhed, that he might with the greater attention hearken to *Mopſa*, and obſerve all her actions though never ſo abſurd. But *Mopſa* vallued not the laughter of her beholders, her little apprehenſion had alreadie ſeized on *Philoclea*'s glittering

Gown,

Gown, and ſhe imagined it hung upon her mothie Karkaſs; and in that firm perſwaſion ſhe ſtood looking upon her ſelf like a Peacock, untill *Pyrocles* called to her, which made her skip, and rub her eyes before ſhe could diſcern her ſelf to be yet in her ruſtie Feathers. Yet afterwards, playing with her hands, for the more grace; ſhe brake forth into theſe enſuing words.

It ſeemeth beſt to my liking to rehearſe the firſt part of my Storie in brief, that ſo ye may the better reliſh the Latter. There was a King, (the chiefeſt man in all his Countrey) who had a prettie Daughter, who as ſhe was ſitting at a window, a ſprightlie Knight came to her, and with his dilly Phraſes won her to be his own, and ſtealing out of her Fathers Caſtle, with many honey kiſſes, he conjured her not to enquire after his name, for that the water-Nimphs would

would then ſnatch him from her: howbeit one time, in a darkſom wood, her teeth were ſet ſo on edge, that ſhe asked, and he preſently with a piteous howling vaniſhed away. Then ſhe, after ſhe had endured ſuch hardſhip as ſhe never had endured in all her life-time, went back to one of her Ants, who gave her a Nutt, charging her not to open it before ſhe fell into extremitie; from her, ſhe went to another Ant, and ſhe gave her another Nut, counſelling her (ſaid *Mopſa*) in the ſame words that her firſt Ant had done before her, and ſo ſent her packing: But ſhe one day being as wearie as my fathers black horſe is, when he hath rode a good journey on him, ſat her down upon a Mole-hil, and making huge complaints for her miſhaps, a griſly old woman came to her, commanding her to open one of the Nuts; and ſhe conſidering, that of a little medling cometh great eaſe,

broke

broke it open, for nothing venter, nothing have, which Proverb she found wondrous true; for within the shell she found a paper, which discovered that her Knight was chained in an ugly hole under ground in the same wood where she lost him. But one Swallow makes no summer; wherefore she cracked her other Nut, from whence there flew out gold and silver in such abundance, that the old Woman falling down upon her stumps, scrambled up her lap full, and yet left the joyfull maid her load: Need makes the old wife trot; nay, it made both the old and young to trot, and to lug away their bags of money: and when they came to a lane with twentie several paths, the old Woman took her leave of the Kings dainty Daughter, bidding her lay down the money, and it should guid her to her Knight: with that she laid it down, and the money tumbled

bled the direct way before her.

At this passage *Mopsa* conceiting that she saw Mammons treasure so near her, opened her mouth, which was of a sufficient wideness, and wadled along as if she had been practizing to catch flies there: which if she had, the prisoners might have recreated their wings within their prison walls; they were so large. The princely Societie could not forbear simparing at *Mopsa*'s ravishment, and had burst out into a publick mirth, had they not been surprized with a better object.

Which at first view appeared to be the Goddess *Flora* and her Nymphs, their addorning imitating hers; but when they drew near, they discerned their errors, it being *Urania*, a fair Shepherdess, who might be very well taken for *Flora*; for although it was impossible for her to excel the Goddess in beautie, yet without controlement, in P*amela*'s and P*hiloclea*'s absence

ſence ſhe might paralel the moſt tranſcendent: on either ſide of this *Urania*, there walked the two Shepherds, *Strephon* and *Claius*, with their eyes fixed on her in celeſtial admiration: their countenances reſembled deſpair more than hope, and earneſtneſs more than confidence: theſe addreſſed themſelves unto the Princeſs, leaving the prettie Sheperdeſs at a ſhort diſtance with her companions, who in Troops attended her; and proſtrating themſelves at their feet, they burſt out into bitter tears.

Muſidorus, who was then raiſed to the height of temporal bleſſings, diſdained not to acknowledge them to have been the Founders of his happineſs, repeating in publick, how they had preſerved him from the dangers of the Seas: but *Claius* and *Strephon* could not ſuborn their weepings, but continued weltring in their tears, which aſtoniſhed and ſtrook a ſadneſs

into the leaſt relenting ſpirits; all being ignorant of the Accident, except *Muſidorus*, who ſurmized the truth.

Now whilſt they expected the iſſue, *Mopſa* laid hold on *Philoclea*, and with many a vineger look, beſought her to hear out her Tale: and for fear ſhe ſhould be deprived of her Gown, without depending on a replie, ſhe purſued her Storie in theſe her accuſtomed expreſſions. Leading her, ſaid *Mopſa*, to the very Caves mouth, where her Knight vented a thouſand grievous groans, then in her hearing, ſhe might then joyfully ſing, faſt bind, faſt find, for there the Witches bound him, and there his Sweet-heart found him, where they pleaſured one another with their ſugar-kiſſes; and after a good while, ſhe unchained him, and then they lovingly ſet them down and ſlept all night in the Cave, becauſe haſte maketh waſte; but the next morning, ſhe ſhewed him

him her monſtrous vaſt ſums of money, which ſo affrighted him, that he clinging his eyes faſt together, was not able to ſay, Boh to a Gooſe hardlie: yet at laſt ſhe perſwaded him, and he peeped up, and waxed the merrieſt man upon earth when he had got himſelf free, and his Miſtreſs again with ſuch ſtore of Riches: for then the old woman, that had adviſed the Kings Daughter to open her nuts, and to lay down the money, appeared to him, and releaſed him of his Bondage by Witchcraft, for ever after: wherefore the Knight, and his own ſweet darling went back to the Kings Court, as jocundly as could be, and with ſome of their money they bought them a brave Coach and Horſes, juſt ſuch as are in my fathers ſtable at home, and in ſuch pomp they went to the King their Father, who entertained them bravelie, pleaſing them with delicate

ſights, as Puppet-plaies, and ſtately Fairs; and their riches encreaſed daily, and they lived gallantly, as long as they had a jot of breath in their bodies.

Thus finiſhed *Mopſa* her tedious Tale, which though it was very ridiculous, yet wanted it not applauſes from all the Auditors: and *Philoclea* in requital, preſented her with her Bridal Roabs, telling her, ſhe deſerved larger incouragements to elevate her wit; and more ſpeeches ſhe uſed in *Mopſa*'s commendation, whoſe partial ſenſes were ſubject to believe all ſuch rare realities; in which blind opinion I will leave her;

To return to the disconſolate Shepherds *Claius* and *Strephon*, who when they had wept their paſſionate Fountains drie, they looked about with adoration upon the prettie *Urania*, as the reviver of their languiſhing hopes, and *Strephon* yielding to

Claius

Claius the preheminence by reaſon of his years, he with great reverence to *Baſilius* with the Bride-grooms and Brides,

Thus ſpake; Dread Soveraign, and moſt Illuſtrious Princes, we beſeech you not to reckon it among the number of miſdemeanors, that we ſhadow the brightneſs of this Nuptial day with our clowdie Fortunes, ſince our aim is to diſperſe our envious miſts, and to make it the more glorious by celebrating a Feaſt; and though our triumph cannot amount to ſuch ſplendor as the four great Monarchs doth, whoſe flouriſhing Dominions can onely ſatisfie their gladneſs by their Princes pomp; yet harbour the belief (pardon me if I ſay amiſs) that our Bride may equal yours in Beautie, though not in rich attire, and in noble virtues, though not in Courtly accoutrements; her Soul, the Impartial Diadem of her

delicate Bodie, is certainly incomparable to all other of her ſex, though heavenly. This Miſtreſs of perfections is *Urania* the Shepherdeſs, ſhe it is that cauſes my eyes to ebb and flow, my joynts to tremble at her looks, and my ſelf to periſh at her frowns; but I will not inſiſt too much (upon your Highneſs patience) on this Subject, her ſelf is an evident witneſs of all, and more than I have Charactered: and Gracious Sirs, as I am bound by all dutie and Allegiance to live under the ſervitude of my Lord *Baſilius*, as well as under his protection: ſo am I not confin'd from gratefulneſs to ſuch as will obliege me in this my proſtrate condition, or in any extremitie; for the Deſtinies have allotted ſuch cruel Fates to my Friend *Claius* and me, whoſe entire affections are never to be ſevered, that we both are ſlaves to *Urania*'s pierceing Eyes! Oh we both are vaſſals to her

her devoted graces; yet ſo much do we eſteem of our unfeigned Friendſhip that we will rather abandon all happineſs, than to cauſe a discontent, or ſuſpition of our real wiſhes of one anothers proſperitie; out of which intention, we ſubmit to be ruled by the judgement of you, renowned Bridegrooms, whoſe prudence and juſtice is not to be ſwayed by any partialitie; to you it is that we do humbly petition, to diſtinguiſh which of us two may beſt deſerve to be admitted into *Urania*'s ſpotleſs thoughts, as her lawfull Husband.

Claius had not ceaſed his ſuit ſo ſuddenly, but that *Strephon* interrupted him thus abruptly:

Good *Claius*, bar the paſſage of thy tongue, and grant me libertie to ſpeak and eaſe my fierce torment: the reverence I bear to your age, and my ſinceritie to your perſon, permitted you to disburden your fancie firſt, but not

to deprive me of the ſame priviledge. Know then, moſt excellent Princes, that this incomparable *Urania*, (O her virtues cannot be expreſſed by humane creatures! for at the very mentioning of her name my tongue faltered, and my ſelf condemns my ſelf for being too preſumptuous, but yet this once we ſtrive againſt her powers that thus poſſeſſes me, and will not be perſwaded from telling you that) ſhe is compounded ſo artificially, as ſhe cannot be paralleld nor deſcribed; for believe it, ſhe is above the capacitie of the moſt ſtudious Philoſopher: and do not harbour, I beſeech you, a prejudicial opinion of her, under the notion of her entertaining two lovers at one inſtant, ſince it hath been always contrarie to her chaſt diſpoſition, to accept of the leaſt motion concerning a married life; and for Platonick Courtiers, her heavenly modeſtie is a palpable witneſs of her innocencie. Beſides

ſides the many dolorous hours that my friend *Claius* and I have paſſed away, our onely recreation we enjoyed being in recounting the careleſs actions ſhe uſed when we declared our paſſions, and commending our choice though ſhe was cruel. But when this your happie day was prefixed, ſhe ſhot forth beams of goodneſs on us, and in charitie ſhe concluded, that her intentions were far from our deſtructions; and ſince now ſhe perceived our lives were in jeopardie, and we depended onely upon her reply, ſhe would no longer keep us in ſuſpence, but was reſolved her Nuptials ſhould be ſolemnized on this day, following the example of the two Royal Siſters whom ſhe ever adored. And becauſe ſhe would not be an inſtrument to diſturb that knot of Friendſhip between *Claius* and me, ſhe referred her choice to your wiſdoms, worthie Sirs, the excellent Siſters Bride-grooms, you it

is

is whom ſhe deſires to pronounce either my felicitie, or my overthrow.

Then *Strephon*, cloſing his ſpeech with an innumerable companie of long-fetcht ſighs, departed to his Goddeſs *Urania*, who was environed by her fellow Shepherdeſſes, which in admiration, love, or envie ſtood gazing on her; but he preſſed through the thickeſt of them to do homage to her ſweet ſelf, ſhe looking on him careleſly, without either reſpecting or diſdaining him.

But aged *Claius* had caſt himſelf at the Princes feet, where he pleaded for his own felicitie on this manner;

Conſider my ancient years, and in compaſſion think how eaſily grief may cut off the term of my life; when youthfull *Strephon* may baffle with Love, and Court ſome other Dame, Ile finde him one who ſhal be as pleaſing to his eyes, as *Urania* is in mine; unleſs the fates have raiſed him to be

my

my victorious Rival. But alas, O tell me *Strephon*! did I ever injure thee, that thou ſeekeſt my untimely death? haſt not thou ever been in my ſight as a jewel of an unvalued rate? why doſt thou then recompenſe me ſo unkindly? I know thou wilt argue, that the paſſion of Love with a Woman, and with ſuch an one as *Urania* is, cannot be contradicted by the neareſt relations. But I pray thee *Strephon*, cannot the importunities of me, thy Foſter-friend, regulate, nay aſſwage thy paſſions, to keep me from periſhing? Now *Strephon*, when he had revived his drooping heart, with peruſing the delicate *Urania*, and fearing that *Claius* was ſupplicating to *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* for her, he returned back, happening to come at the minute when *Claius* queſtioned him; to whom he thus replied: What the Gods have appointed, cannot be prevented, nor quenched by the powerfulleſt perſwaſions

ſwaſions of any Mortal: and let that ſuffice. *Claius* being ſo fully anſwered to his conjecture, reſted ſilent to hear his ſentence. *Strephon*, who was of a more ſprightly conſtitution, recreated himſelf ſometimes with gloſing upon *Urania*, and then to obſerve the looks of the Princes as they were conferring together, about what to determin on concerning them. Beſides his Paſtoral ſongs that he ſounded in *Urania*'s praiſe.

But the Princes, who were then in ſerious conſultation, liſtened to *Baſilius*, who adviſed them in this manner:

Deſpiſe not *Claius* his complaints, though he be afflicted with the infirmities of old age; youthfull *Strephon* may ſeem more real and pleaſing to the eye, yet *Claius* his heart, I am confident, is the firmeſt ſettled; Youth is wavering, Age is conſtant; Youth admires Novelties, Age Antiquities: *Claius* hath learned experience by age

to

to delight *Urania* with such fancies as may be suitable to her disposition; *Strephon's* tender years cannot attain to any knowledge, but as his own Genius leads him. Wherefore consider before you denounce your Sentence, whether *Urania* may not be *Claius's* Spouse better than *Strephon's*.

Pyrocles knowing that *Basilius's* aim was to plead in defence of Dotage, refrained to make any other reply than, What you command Sir, we must and will obey. For as he was both by Birth and Education a Prince, so had he not neglected to be instructed in the dutie of a Subject. Not that he was forced to acknowledge it to *Basilius's* as his due, any otherwise then as his goodness enduced him to; that he might be a pattern to draw the *Arcadians* to follow his example, they wholly determining to be ruled that day by *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, who after *Basilius's* decease was to be

their

their ſucceſſive King. And they were not ignorant of the intimacie between his Coſen *Pyrocles* and him; wherefore they reverenced and obſerved both their actions. But the Princes *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, to avoid the rumours of the People that thronged about them, to over-hear their reſolution concerning the Shepherds, retired to an Arbour-walk, where none but the ſweet ſocietie of Birds attented them: there *Pyrocles* ripped open his ſuppoſition to *Muſidorus*, which was to this effect.

My dear Coſen, ſaid he, for of that honoured Title my memorie ſhall never be fruſtrated, doſt thou not imagin *Baſilius* guiltineſs, when he pleads for dotage ſo extreamly? he hath not unburdened his conſcience yet of his amorouſneſs of me in my Amazons Metamorphoſis: I know it ſtings him by the Arguments he ſupports. However he may ceaſe his fears of my

my discovering his courtſhip, for I have always perſevered in Allegiance and dutie to my Father, my King; nor do I doubt my failing now in thoſe Principles, ſince I have you my worthie Coſen ſo near me. *Muſidorus* embracing his Coſen, proteſted that he harboured the ſame fancie, and ſaid he, the ſtammering of his words declared the certainty: but did you not admire the heavenly behaviour of my *Pamela* to day, when ſhe aſcended into the Temple, how her ſoul ſeemed to flie with her body to that ſanctified place, as transported with entering into ſo holy an Habitation which was too ſacred for any other but her ſelf. And replyed *Pyrocles*, *Philoclea* might be admitted with her, whoſe Humility did ſeem to guard her, or elſe ſure ſhe had ſtumbled; ſo lightly did ſhe ſet her feet upon the Pavement, leſt ſhe ſhould profane it. And ſometimes dropping Agonies

did

did ſo ſurprize her, that ſhe ſeemed to contemplate with divine myſteries; and then to look down upon her own unworthineſs with ſuch humbleneſs as made her moſt into tears, as it were for ſoaring above her elements. Whilſt the Princes were diſcourſing in commendations of their Brides.

Claius in the preſence of *Baſilius* and the remaining Princes, fell down and fainted. *Strephon* ſtood thumping his breaſt, and crying, O *Muſidorus*! think upon us who ſuccoured you, and let not a third Rival deprive us of the incomparable *Urania*. This unexpected paſſion of the Shepherd's, aſtoniſhed the ſenſes of all the beholders: yet none were ſo ſtupid as to neglect their ſerviceable care: yea *Urania* her ſelf, though juſt before when *Pamela* and *Philoclea* ſent and entreated her company, ſhe had returned a modeſt refuſal; yet

now

now perceiving *Strephon*'s and *Claius*'s diſtreſs, ſhe tarried not to hear the news by Harbingers, but went the foremoſt to relieve them: upon diſtracted *Strephon* ſhe ſmiled, ſaying, Is *Fortune* thine enemie *Strephon*? but her voice ſounded ſo harmoniouſly in his ears, that he disclaimed all ſadneſs, promiſing himſelf the victorie. She then abſented from him, that ſhe might work as effectual and ſudden a cure upon aged *Claius*, who gaſtfully lay foaming on the ground, yet that terrible ſight was not ſo obnoxious to her as to overſway her compaſſion, ſhe pinched and pulled him, endeavouring to reſtore his life again; but nothing would recover him, until ſhe breathed on him with ſtooping near him, and pronouncing theſe words:

Unhappie *Claius*, whoſe life depends upon a woman! this once look up, & ſpeak me blameleſs. Have not I

ever abhord the thought of *Strephons* or your ruins? yes ſure, I have, & have dallied with you both, apprehending eithers danger, if I ſhould forſake one, and reſign my ſelf up to the others diſpoſal; neither have I regarded the piping of the Shepherds, nor the ſongs of the Shepherdeſſes: and on Feſtival days, when they have elected me Queen of their Triumphs, I have excuſed my ſelf, and retired into ſolitarie Groves, where I have ſpent the day in muſing upon my Lovers deſperate conditions, and ſtudying for the probableſt Antidotes that might cure their diſtempers, without blemiſhing mine own reputation. But that was ſo hard a task, that I could never accompliſh it. *Claius* age could not endure ſuch a penaltie as my denial without miſcarriage: and *Strephon*'s working brain would not receive it without practicing a Tragedie upon himſelf. Wherefore I made pati-

patience my friend, and coyneſs my favourite, neither ſlighting, nor eſteeming their large alluſious of my Beautie and their Paſſion, which they oft repeated, until the reports of the conſummating of the Princeſſes Nuptials were confirmed. And then I reſolved, that as I abhorred murder, ſo I would no longer admit them into my companie, before the Prieſt of *Pan* hath united me to one of them, that then I might without derogating from my honour, by cenſorious ſuſpitions, enjoy the ſocietie of him whom the Princes ſhall ſelect to be my wedded Husband. So indifferent is my choice of theſe two conſtant Friends, and unmoveable Servants.

Before *Urania* had finiſhed theſe words, *Claius* in a rapture of joy, rouſed up his drowned ſpirits. And then *Urania* retired back to her fellow Sheperdeſſes; but the Princes were

ſo inquiſitive to know what acccident had brought *Clains* and *Strephon* into ſuch deſpairing Agonies, that they would not permit them to tender their ſervice to *Urania* at her preſent departure, for deſire of queſtioning them. *Strephon* made this quick replie; that a ſtranger preſumed to gaze upon *Urania*; and his feet going as nimblie as his tongue, he tripped after her, not asking leave of the concours of People that thronged about him.

But aged *Clains*, whoſe tongue was livelier than his feet, ſpake after this manner:

My greedie eyes, ſaid he, being dazled with looking too long upon *Urania*, who is adorned with as glorious beams as *Phœbus* can boaſt in his brighteſt day; I yielded them reſpite, giving them leave to take a view of mortals, clearing their dimneſs with their equal light; but there

I did eſpie an hautie Youth, who ſcoffingly ſtared upon me, ſeeming to call me inſolent, for ſtriving to purchace *Urania*, and conceiting himſelf to be worthier of her, he did ſo amorouſly ſeal his eyes upon her, that ſundry times he made her paint her cheeks with harmleſs bluſhes: and my jealous fancie comprehending no other reaſon, than that as he obtained free acceſs with his eyes, ſo he might with his perſon; I rendring my ſelf into the hands of cruel death.

The Princeſs could no longer tollerate *Claius* in his ungrounded miſtruſts, but interrupted him, by enforming him that *Baſilius* had ſent for *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*; the Meſſenger happening to come at the immediate time when they were extolling their Miſtreſſes; but then they left off that ſubject till a more convenient hour, and applied their Anſwer to the Intelligencer, promiſing

to follow ſpeedilie: yet contrarie to their reſolutions, they lingred in the way, a doalfull voice perſwading them to ſtand and hearken, which ſounded out theſe words.

Faire *Titan*, why doſt thou deride me with thy ſmiles, when I do homage to thy reſplendent beams! and you pleaſant Bells, why do ye not compel your notes to ring me to my Funeral? for ſince ſhe is tyrannous, why ſhould I live to endure her torments? my Superiors triumph in their Loves: my Fellow ſhepherds can boaſt of theirs: it is wretched *Philiſides*, oh it is I that am ſingularlie miſerable, made ſo by a beautifull, yet cruel Miſtriſs; the Princeſs knew him to be *Philiſides* the deſpairing Shepherd by his ſorowfull ſubject; and he riſing from under an hedge, diſcovered himſelf to be the ſame: there the Princeſs leaving him in a forlorn poſture, haſtened to their o-

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ther companie, to execute their Office, which they had agreed upon as they went: *Claius* and *Strephon* were amazed at their sight, their fear commanding them to give way to sorrow, but their hopes bad them both to burie sadnes in the lake of Oblivion: in this unsetled condition they continued not long, the division of their thoughts being suppressed by the Sentence which *Musidorus* uttered thus.

An Oration might be acceptable to the ears of these Auditors, but that the Evening desires me not to be tedious, especiallie to these expecting Lovers: in compassion to you both, oh *Claius* and *Strephon*, I doe heartily wish there were two *Urania's*, and should be exceeding well content, if some others were to decide this busines, than my Cosen *Pyrocles* and my self, he for my sake being equallie oblieged with me to you for your un-

ſpeakable courteſie to me when I was a diſtreſſed ſtranger, and incompaſſed by the frowns of Fortune; our affections to you both may be evenly ballanced, but your activitie cannot be juſtlie ſummoned together: *Claiu's* age manifeſts a dulneſs, and *Strephon's* youth his lightſomneſs; or elſe your worthieſt exploits, without diſputing, might conquer *Urania.* At this *Claius*, as if he had been revived, ventured to jump, but his heels ſerved him a trick, teaching him to kiſs his mother Earth, as more ſuitable to his ancient years than a young Shepherdeſs was: but he vexing at ſo publick a diſaſter, fell in a rage upon *Strephon*, who eſteemed it more Nobleneſs to hold his hands, than to recompence his blows, *Claius* holding in diſdain his backwardneſs, left his eagerneſs, and turning to the Princeſs with tears in his eyes, he beſeeched them, if it ſhould be his unhappineſs

to

to be deprived of *Urania*, to grant him the priviledge of her preſence, though at as great a diſtance as poſſibly he could diſcern her, *Strephon* not knowing the ſubtiltie of Fortune, and doubting the worſt, deſiſted not from craving the like favour: the Princeſs mercifully yielded to their requeſts, and *Muſidorus* proceeded in his ſentence.

Urania deſerves to poſſeſs the firſt lodgings of the wiſeſt hearts, ſhe is too pure to be a ſecond; out of which conſideration, we have reſolv'd that you ſhall both ſwear by the ſacred Name of *Pan*, whether you have ever been defiled with another object, or have been afflicted with *Cupids* dart, though in a virtuous way; which if you both can proteſt againſt, we will prohibit this invention, and determin on ſome other; and if but one can clear himſelf, he ſhall be acknowledged the fitteſt Husband for her.

Strephon

Strephon without ſcruple offered to take his Oath; *Claius*, though he was enticed by the force of Beautie, yet his Conſcience withdrew him from perjuring himſelf, perſwading him to defer the time: the Princeſs perceiving his ſlowneſs, gueſſed the matter, and leſt he ſhould be ſurprized with the vanities of this world, they commanded him and *Strephon* to convey *Urania* to the Temple: *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, with *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, and the other Royal Bridegromes and Brides, beſides the reſort of ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes attending on them: where being come, *Claius* and *Strephon* aſcended to the Altar, and with great reverence *Strephon* profeſſed his Innocence from Female Creatures, and withall his chaſte affection, which he conſtantlie bare to *Urania*: and *Claius* with jealous devotion affirmed that *Urania* was a precious Jewel, locked

up

up in the Treasurie of his heart, which none could bereave him of, unless they murdered him, neither spared he room for any other to abide there, but her Divine self: yet he could not denie, but that in his younger days his indulgent Phantasie had seized upon a Shepherdess, though not with anie other entire affection than as her prettie songs enveigled him; and since he had wholie abandoned her, and cleaved to *Urania*, the severest Justice could not make that a sufficient pretence to give away his elected Spouse.

Thus *Clarius* advocated for himself; but *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* caused silence to be made, and then *Musidorus* said;

For as much as you have referred your selves, before evident Witness, to the judgement of Prince *Pyrocles* and my self; who without any expulsion to your side, have sincerelie bestowed

ſtowed it upon you; we will admit of no addreſſes to recal our judgements, for that were to accuſe our ſelves of Infidelitie; but we will not ſee it put in execution: and *Strephon* ſhall enjoy his firſt Love, the Shepherdeſs *Urania*, and *Claius* may dwell in the view of her, to ſave him from periſhing.

Strephon, as a man who newly embraced a life ranſomed from the power of hatefull death, to inhabit a glorious Paradice, ſnatched *Urania* from out of the hands of amazed *Claius*, and in a raviſhment ran for the Prieſt of *Pan*, who in the mid'ſt of the throng, conſumated their Union. This laſt Couple wanted not aplauſes, though they were inferior to the other in dignitie; for *Straphons* comelineſs, and *Urania*'s gracefulneſs ſeemed to adorn their harmleſs roabs: their becomming Modeſtie enthral'd the hearts of their obſervers, their courteſie

courteſie conquered the eyes of their profeſſion, that beheld in what eſtimation they were with the Princes, and their happineſs equalled the greateſt Perſonages.

But alas, in *Strephon*'s felicity conſiſts *Clain's* miſerie, his grief being ſo infinite, that his paſſages of tears was ſtopped, and a frantick Brain poſſeſſed him more than a Womaniſh ſorrow, againſt this life he exclaimed, *Strephon* and himſelf he abhorred, and endeavouring to ſet a Period to his afflictions, he brake out into theſe words: Proud love, who glorieſt in tormenting mortals, this once moderate thy rage by dispatching me quickly from under thy Tyrannie; for in what have I displeaſed thee, you cannot ſignifie, I have ſo faithfully ſerved to your crueltie. But now to gratifie me, you plunder me of my onely bleſſing, and yet in deriſion you make me to live. But O *Cupid*! if any

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pit ie or remorſe dares harbour in thee, as thou haſt deeply wounded me, ſo directly ſlay me, and I ſhall entitle thee mercifull. But if thou flieſt from ſuch a compaſſionate act, then Prince *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, whoſe fame is enriched with goodneſs, repleniſh it more by my ſpeedy deſtruction and make me breathleſs. And Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, let not the dreadfull Name of Tragedy affright you, my Death will be the obſequies of a Comedy; therefore if any ſpleen reign victor in you, revenge your ſelf upon me that am the moſt contemptible wretch.

This Speech he uttered with ſuch diſtracted actions, that terrified the women and afflicted the men. But at appointment of the Princes they conveyed him to ſome private habitation, where he had attendants, who oftentimes prevented him from miſchieving himſelf. But for *Strephon*

phon and *Urania*, the Princes ſolemnly invited them to their ſocietie for that evening, where at *Pamela*'s and P*hiloclea*'s entreaties, they retiring to a pleaſant ſummer Houſe, *Strephon* rehearſed theſe paſſages concerning *Urania*, *Claius*, and himſelf, on this manner:

To recollect *Urania*'s virtues, or what ſurpaſſing beautie engaged *Claius* and me to be her ſervants, would be ſuperfluous, ſince her divine ſelf is preſent to merit divine praiſes from the dulleſt ſpectators Onely firſt her prettie innocence withdrew our eyes from gazing on the ſtars, to ſalute her heavenly ſpheres that reflected upon us as ſhe paſſed by. For *Claius* and I having ſeparated our Flocks from our neighbouring ſhepherds into a freſh and ſweet paſture, where none frequented or trode the pleaſant graſs, but ſavage Satyrs, and dancing Fairies, we eſpied a Tree, whoſe flouriſhing

riſhing branches ſeemed to fortifie themſelves againſt the heat of the ſun, and we enticed by the ſhadow, repaired to it: there we lay down, purpoſing to trie our skill in deſcribing the pitifull decorums of the ſhepherds that were inchanted by *Cupids* quiver, to adore the fair beautie of Mortals: but the wonderfull Juſtice of the higheſt Powers, taught us to acknowledge our frailtie, by inflicting the like puniſhment upon us: for as we were reproching their love-ſick infirmities, fair *Urania*, enduced by a Sparrow that flew from her when ſhe had courteouſly bred it up, purſued after it, to take it priſoner, her courſe bending towards us: but when ſhe had ſurprized it, ſhe confined it to a Paradiſe, putting it between the pillows of her Breaſt, and checking it no othetwiſe than with her harmleſs kiſſes, ſhe went away, leaving *Claius* and my carkaſs behind her, but our

ſouls

ſouls cleaved immoveably unto her, and fixing our eyes upon one another, as aſhamed of our prodigious cenſoriouſneſs of our Neighbours, we ſuffered not our lips to open, till we were acquainted with the ſubject that did triumph over us; but ſounding our Bell, we ſecured our Flocks, and haſtened to repoſe our ſelves upon our beds, but our memorie of the moſt Divine *Urania* taught us a more watchfull leſſon than drouſineſs: her Image, which was engraven in our fancie, disdained to be blurred by our forgetfulneſs, wherefore the reſtleſs night we paſſed over with ſighs, reviling the Fates for burying our felicitie in the depth of adverſitie, ſo hard and explete did we account it ever to obtain *Urania*; and though *Claius* and I were one anothers Rivalls, both aiming at one, yet did it not any way mittigate our friendſhip, I applauding *Claius* choice, and he mine; nei-

ther did we ignorantly admire our judgements, but did enquire, and receive the approbation of a multitude of Swains, who with abundant devotion extolled *Urania*'s worth : yet Fortune, that favours not the pureſt ſouls, knit her brows, frowning upon our Goddeſs *Urania*, who mildly ſtrived to waſh them away with her Chriſtal tears : the occaſion I heard her whiſper out one time, when ſhe imagined little, and I reſided ſo near her, in theſe ſweetly expreſſed, yet dollorous words.

Too great a burden for me to bear oppreſſes me, *Antaxius* is too officious in his love, I wiſh he were more calm ; my Parents rigor is too too intollerable, unleſs my disobedience had been palpable ; I have never offended them wilfully, no not in this their deſired Match, except they interpret my ſilence for a refuſal, that being the onely ſymptom of my diſcontent,

content, nor do I reveal my affection to any but to thee my Sparrow, who canst not discover it with thy chirping, and that note of thine is to me condoling, and chearfull; my disconsolate Heart not knowing how to value any other melodious sounds: but alass my incredulitie of the divine Providence may justlie reprove and punish me; yet since I do humbly acknowledge thy allsufficiencie, let thy Mercie chastise me, and deliver me from the thraldom of *Antaxius*.

Then wiping her bedewed eyes, she arose, as confident her devout Prayers had conjured the Gods to pitie her distress, and beseeching the Deities to make me their instrument; call'd after her. Fair Creature, pardon me if I profane your sacred Title with a feeble one, since your humilitie vouchsafes earthly troubles to perplex you; and believe me, the Fa-

brick of this world is built upon divers motions, it can boaſt of no firm foundation; the rareſt Beauties in their age ſeldom eſcape advers Billows, and boyſterous winds, and without relying on a Rock, their periſhing is ſure: wherefore, ſweet Nimph, accept of me to be your Rock, and queſtionleſs you ſhall be preſerved from all tempeſtuous weathers.

Urania truſting in no other Power, than what was celeſtial, looked up to the Element, where ſeeing no heavenlie Object, ſhe caſt her eyes down, fixing them upon me with ſuch bleſſedneſs, as ſtrook me to the ground, not being capable of aſſiſting my ſelf; however I fed upon her voice, which ſhe diſplayed in this language.

What a preſumptuous mortal art thou to frame thy ſelf to be a God, that by ſuch a pretence thou mayſt inſult over me? For better Powers cannot ſupport me from furious ſtorms.

ſtorms. This ſpoken, ſhe went away, as loathing the ſight of ſuch a blaſphemous ſerpent, as ſhe thought me to be. Which I perceiving, and rowſing my ſelf from out of a tranſe, I began to crie, O ſtay, ſtay, ſtay, but ſhe deaf to my perſwaſions, haſtened beyond the limits of mine eyes; but the rebounding of my words ſounded in the ears of the Paſtor *Claius*, who was with his and my Flock at a little diſtance from me. He harkening to my voice, and discerning me to wander out of the cloſe, his jealous brain ſuppoſed the reaſon, & walking as ſwiftly as his aged leggs would ſuffer him, he found me out, his inquiſitiveneſs enforcing me not to be niggardly in my anſwers, which were ſo tedious, that the Sun vaniſhed from our Horizon, as tired with our unneceſſary ſpeeches, and took his farewel, highing him to his Eaſtern home. But at length *Claius* and I yielding our

ſelves to ſilence though not to reſt, experience had taught us to deſpair of ſleeping, until *Cupids* wounds wear curable. And early in the morning when the Sheperdeſſes had driven their Flocks into the Paſtures, we lingering with ours, that we might ſee the place made happie with *Urania*'s abiding there, her Enimie *Antaxius* the wealthy Heardsman, driven by a flattering current of his ſucceſs, approched near us, not ſcrupulous in asking *Urania*'s harbour: we making much of our opportunitie directed him the contrary way from her, to the Iſland of *Citherea*, her Parents dwelling there, onely they had truſted her with the Flock on this ſide the River, to feed them with a livelier paſture. But we proteſted to him, that in the morning we ſaw the Graſs to weep for her departure, and the ſeas dance with joy that ſhe relyed on their mildneſs. *Antaxius* eaſily belie-

ved

ved our intilligence, and thanking us for it, he haſtened to overtake her: and we pleaſed with our proſperous ſubtletie, drove our Flocks to a Paſture adjoyning to *Urania's*, and entreating *Pan* to be their Guardian, we left them to trie Fortunes courteſie.

Urania bluſhing at our preſence, at mine eſpecially, who had before abruptly aſſaulted her, ſeemed to rebuke me with it, as in earneſt ſo it did, my trembling witneſſed my guiltineſs, and my tears and ſighs my repentance: my ſlowneſs to utterance allowed *Claius* a convenient time to diſcover his paſſion to *Urania*, the policie uſed to *Antaxius*, he forbore to repeat, until my repentance had obtained a pardon, and then he related in what expedition we ſent away her undeſired ſuitor; which at firſt vaniſhed the red from her face, her fears uſurping in her tender breaſt, leſt her Parents ſhould doubt her

ſafetie at *Antaxius* report. Yet when ſhe remembred her abſence might extinguiſh *Antaxtus* luſt, her vermilion came back to mixture, and adorned her, as deteſting to be deprived of ſuch an Alabaſter ſhelter.

Claius made Poeſies in her praiſe to pleaſe her, dedicating to her ſervice all his ſtudies. My art in framing of Garlands, ſhewing the flowers natural curioſitie in their varietie of ſhades, a device that ſets them forth moſt perfectly I did teach her; oftentimes preſenting her with the choiſeſt of my Flock, when ſhe would accept of them; and if Wolves or other ravenous beaſts had happened to lurk that way, I never left hunting them till their hands evidenced me their Conqueror, which I uſed to lay at *Urania*s feet; other tricks I invented to be admitted into her ſocietie.

Here *Strephon* ſtopt: but the Princes entreated him to go on. Which

Which happineſs of mine, ſaith he, continued not long without interruption. *Antaxius* learning that *Claius* and I pretended affection to *Urania*, he proudly landed at our haven, rudely carrying her away without reſiſtance. Her commands, that could not be diſobeyed, ordained the contrary. Then it was, moſt gracious Prince *Muſidorus* that you eſcaped the ſeas, O then it was that *Urania* floted on them, and we bitterly bemoaned our loſs. Certainly by the appointment of the Gods the Ocean waxed ſo calm, yet about where ſhe was embarqued, the waters murmured, and the winds ſweetly whiſtled, combining their voices ſo harmoniouſly, that ſhe might really believe, they conſpired to crown her with ſome unexpected bleſſing; as indeed ſo they: had for when we had conducted you to my Lord *Kalenders* houſe, we received a Letter from our adored Goddeſs.

We

We might have been juſtly taxed of incredulitie at the firſt view of it, our rememberance of her uncivil Carrier demolliſhing all hopefull thoughts; but when we had more believingly read over and ſaluted thoſe heavenly lines, we taking a ſhort farewel of your Highnes, conformed our pace to our eagereſt diſpoſition, and came to the Sands againſt the Iſland of *Citherea*; where not caring for any other paſſage but *Charon's* Boat, we committed our ſelves to heavens protection, and fixed our eyes upon *Urania's* Iſland, leaping into the ſea, there we had like to have participated of *Leander's* entertainment, but our luckie Stars preſerved us to better fortune. The waves growing turbulent, the winds roared, the skies thickened, and all tempeſtuous weather threatened to combine againſt us. My Friend *Claiu's* faint limbs I was glad to ſupport with my tired ones,

ones, and we both had perished and resigned our breaths to the Giver, but that the storm forced a Bark to cast Anchor, and harbour in our Coast, from whence we had not swom far, though the Billows had thrown us up and down, as contemning us for our presumption in pursuing our loves to *Urania*, but the companie in the Bark, weighing our calamities, and their own too, should they neglect so charitable an act as endeavouring to help us, imagining the Gods would be deaf to their prayers, if they were careless of ours: they let their sails flie towards us, & lengthening the cord of their Cock-boat, they sent it to us; we skilled in their meaning laid hold on it, and by degrees we purchased the in-sides for our security, they pulling us to the Bark, helped us in.

Where we were gazed on with astonishment by all; neither were our eyes

eyes indebted to theirs, ſo manie of *Urania*'s Aſſociats did we eſpie in the Bark to look upon; and amongſt the reſt there was *Antaxius*: Oh *Clarius*, hadſt thou been here, thou wouldſt have juſtified thy paleneſs, and my cholerick fluſhes, that with zeal ſtrove for Victorie over our haughtie Rival; who being vexed at the ſight of us, and minding nothing ſo much as our fatal ruine, ſtretched his voice, which was moſt hideous, to condemn us. What monſters are theſe, ſaid he, that you have had pitie upon? their Phiyſiognomies reſemble ours, but the ſhape is different; therefore hurl them overboard, leſt they do drown us with their Inchantment. The gulph of ſalt-Water that flew out of our mouths, and our wett garments that hung confuſedly, with his aggravations pierced into the ſtupid ſenſes of the Companie, who doubted whether

ther we were very *Claius* and *Strephon* or no, yet dreaded to queſtion us: my anger for *Antaxius* unworthie affronting us, could not be moderated, but acting the fierceneſs of a Tygar, I fell upon him, and flung him into the ſea, where he deſervedlie taſted of ſuch pleaſures, as he had allotted for us: ſuch is the wiſdom of the higher Powers to recompence what is due.

The affrighted People fled into their Cabins, the Pilot and Sailors forſaking their imployments, hid themſelves under the Decks: but all this time I never ceaſed to pray for *Urania*'s ſafeguard, being ignorant of the chance that brought *Antaxius* thither, or where ſhe reſided; her letters ſignifying onely how much ſhe wiſhed to ſee us, our vowed friendſhip obliging her in all virtuous ways to honor us: but having quelled the courage of the Sailors, the ſtorm aſ-

ſwaging,

ſwaging, we ſhewed our authoritie, commanding them to ſtrike their ſail to the Iſland of *Citherea* : and giving a viſit to our Priſoners in the Cabins, we intreated them to ſuppreſs all prejudicial conceit of us, who never intended to injure them, though we had revenged our ſelves upon *Antaxius* for ſcandalizing us, and perſwading them barbarouſly to murder us, under the pretence of Sea-Monſters : nor did we neglect to tell them how infinitly they would favor us, in relating what accident had inticed *Antaxius* to that Bark, without his Miſtreſs *Urania*, who was reported to be his onely delight.

The young Shepherd *Lalus*, being preſent, interrupted me thus : *Urania* diſdains to be the Miſtreſs of ſo baſe a fellow, though his importunitie both to her neareſt relations, and to her divine ſelf, forced her to grant him the priviledge of Characterıng her

her perfections in Poetrie, amongst which he had declared his Lust, shadowing it with the title of Love, when he might as well transform a Dove to a Kite, or a Wolf to a Lamb, as lust to Love; *Urania* abhorring him for it, charged me, who am bound to obey her charge, to be urgent with *Antaxius* to come this voyage with me. I assaulted him with the question; he thought it no ways requisit for his proceedings, but at her perswasions he ceased to argue: This Voyage we intended for a chearfull one, but it hath proved a fatal one to him, though a fortunate one to *Urania*; for she as far excels *Antaxius* in deserts, as our Princess *Pamela* does *Mopsa*, Master *Dameta's* daughter.

At this passage the Princess smiled, and *Strephon* blushed at his true, yet blunt expression: but longing to be freed from Tautalogizing, his modestie not suffering him to Court

Urania,

Urania there, he perſiſted in his rehearſal.

It afflicted me to reckon; O I could not reckon the number of Rivals that waited to fruſtrate me of my felicitie, all that ever beheld her, commended her, few they were that did not Court her, but moſt lived in hopes to enjoy her; however I diſſembled my grief, and congratulated with *Lalus* for his courteous relation, telling him, I had ſeen that Paragon, and did as much admire her, as I could any of her ſex, though my delight conſiſted chiefly in other recreations, than to extoll a woman. This drift of mine enticed him earneſtly to better my opinion, and in his higheſt Rhetorick, he laboured to inform me concerning the Paſſion of Love, that though it were mixed with bitterneſs, in conſideration of ſome griefs that follow it, yet ſeldom it is, but that the concluſion is happie. I making as though

though I liſtened not to his diſcourſe, ſung a ſong, the ſubject whereof tended againſt Love and Women: he encreaſing in his deſires to work my converſion, determined to bring me to *Urania*. I willingly ſeemed to yield to his requeſt, *Claius* wondred at my diſguiſed heart, yet held his peace, truſting to my poor diſcretion.

Now the Sea-men, bringing us news of our ſafe arrival in the Ports of *Citherea*, we landed, releaſing the Bark; I could hardly confine my joy within ſo ſmall a compaſs as my heart, when I went upon the ground where ſhe had trode, and not reveal it; but I reſtrained it as much as poſſibly I could, ſlighting his deſcription of *Urania*'s worth. But alas my hopes of the ſucceſs, my deſignment might have, was fruſtrated; upon ſo tottering a climat do weMortals reſtleſs live, that when we think we have

eſcaped the dangerouſeſt ſtorms, our feet ſtand upon the brims, ready to be blown down at evry flirt of wind, to the depth of miſerie.

For *Urania*, my ſecret Jewel, and *Lalus* that reveiled me, was miſſing, not to publick Paſtorals, nor yet ſolitarie Retirements, but by the foul practiſes of a Knight named *Lacemon*, who violently carried her away from her ſheep, whilſt ſhe was complaining of *Claius* and my tedious abſence; the reporter of this dolefull News lay hid under a hedge, the gliſtering of rude *Lacemon*'s Armour adviſing him to conceal himſelf; ſuch was the cowardlineſs of the ſimple Swain.

Lalus would have murdered him, had not we by force withheld him; yet I made him feel the ſtroak of my Cudgel, to make him repent his folly, a poor revenge for ſo hainous a treſpaſs, yet that disburdened me of a greater, ſo ſubject are we in affliction

to

to double our error with a crime more odious: *Urania* was loſt, yet the memorie of her Name, Virtue or Beautie could never be expired: neither did we linger in purſuance of *Lacemon*, nor in her ſearch, whoſe heavenly ſoul, as we imagined, muſt needs perfume and leave a ſcent where it had breathed, which was the ſigne that we beſought the Sacred Powers to grant, might be our convoy to her. Then *Lalus* departed from us, chooſing his path; *Claius* and I would not be ſeparated, if poſſibly we could avoid it. I know not whether this unwillingneſs to part with me proceeded from a jealous humour, his nature being always inclinable to it; but I am ſure, mine was real, doubting not, but what the Divine Providence had agreed on, ſhould be accompliſhed what ere it were.

The byeſt ways, as we conceived,

might be the likelieſt to find *Urania*, *Lacemon* having many: his felicitie, ſince he had deprived the Land of its Goddeſs, and we as deeply ingaged againſt him, our preſumptuous Rival, as any other, ſearched the moſt ſuſpitious Corners; but no tidings could be heard of *Urania* up the Iſland, where we had wandered, except profane ones; for ask the Swains that ſluggiſhly ſate nodding by ſome of their ſcattered ſheep, whoſe fellows had been devoured by Wolves, through the careleſneſs of their Shepherds, when we examined them concerning *Urania*, whom we deſcribed by her Praiers and tears made to a Knight accoutred in a Martial habit; their reply would be ſo abſurd, nay between ſleeping and waking, divers did affirm they ſaw her, directing us to unſeemly Mortals, who indeed had uſurped *Urania*'s Name, though they came ſhort of her perfections. I cannot

not judge which was victor in me of Rage and Sorrow; furious I was at the counterfeit *Urania's*, and desperate, despairing of ever finding the real one.

At this passage *Strephon* burst out into floods of tears, which he endeavoured to conceal, excusing his too large rehearsal, & desired to break off; but the Princess earnestness to hear *Urania* rescued from the power of *Lacemon*, induced him to proceed on this manner: My chollerick Passion I vented upon the stupid men, instructing them to entitle their Dames with some meaner Name than *Urania*, under penaltie of their lives, which they dearly valued: and then *Clatus* and I renewed our languishing travels.

When we had passed through the publick and remote places of the Island, meeting with no obstacles in the way, either by Freinds or Ene-

mies, we croſſed the Ocean, landing at the ſands over againſt the Iſland, we continued not there, though we could not determin where we had beſt continue, but a Pilgrims life we reſolved on, unleſs *Uraina*'s unexpected ſecuritie ſhould forbid it; when therefore we had traced about the Confines of *Arcadia*, without any comfortable reports of her, we roſe with the Sun, to take a longer journey, but the tiredneſs of our legs prolonged the time, and ſo proved faithfull inſtruments to further our felicitie, by delaying our haſte: Upon a bank we ſate down, chafing at the graſs for looking freſh and green in *Urania*'s abſence; and *Claius* folding his arms, and caſting his eyes on the ground, as a fit object for him to view, eſpecially when he pitched on ſuch a ſubject as deſerved oppoſition, as he then did; uttering theſe words:

Seldom it is, but the faireſt Phyſiogno-

ſiognomies harbour the fouleſt ſouls, all reaſon proves it ſo; nay the Gods abhor partialitie; why then ſhould they adorn a Creature ſo richly ſurpaſſing above the reſt viſibly, and yet give her a ſoul anſwerable? *Urania!* O *Urania!* I will not, no I durſt not ſay unchaſte, though the Summers mourn not for her exilement, nor the Birds ceaſe from their various notes, which comfort we heretofore apprehended they made to invite *Urania* to reſide altogether in the Woods; nor yet the Shepherds refrain from their pleaſant ſports; nor do the Shepherdeſſes neglect their care of medicining their tender Lambs, to celebrate a Day in their bewailings.

Age we reckon ſtands at the gate of Death: yet *Claius* years was a Target to defend him from it, otherwiſe I ſhould not have thought a replie a ſufficient revenge, which I did in theſe terms. A ſuſpitious head is as great

a torment as I could wish to light upon *Lacemon*, besides the unjustness of it, your uncharitable censures may too soon redound upon you, when repentance hath lost its opportunitie to crave and receive a pardon: expose not your self to that crime, which never can be purged away, should it dammage the reputation of those that imitate *Diana's* qualities in as great a measure as her Beautie; for if the Gods have bestowed on them reasonable souls, why should we pine at their industrie to make them admirable: You argue, that the Summer keeps its natural course, though *Urania* is missing, which is a manifest testimonie of her virtues, boisterous and cold weather being a foe to Travelers, but the warm Sun is delightfull; and the birds proudly chant their Tunes, for I am confident, they ravish her far above the loftie expressions of *Lacemon*: neither wonder at the

the mirth and imployments of the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, for the Virgins are glad to exerciſe their inventions, to charm back the belief of *Urania*'s loſs, ſo darkſom and odious is it to them, the Shepherds their Paramours foſtering (though with ſadneſs) their buſie fancies.

Claius fixing his eyes on the ground, as convinced of his error, ſought not to frame an excuſe, yet to ſhew that Age had not deprived him of his ſenſes; he thus ſpake: An odoriferous ſcent ſeems to command me to reſt ſilent, and to bear the blame without controulment, and dreadfulneſs mixed with hope poſſeſs me. O *Strephon*, *Strephon*, faithfully conceal my follie, I beſeech thee.

At this ſuddain Allarm, I gazed about me, an happie ſight, though an amazed one approaching near me, *Urania* it was, with her arms ſpread, and cryes in her mouth, which mentioned

oned murder, her hair contemptibly hung about her, though delicate, and patience and anger ſeemed to combat in her roſie cheeks for the Victorie; but at the laſt, abundance of Chriſtal tears became the Arbiter, which when ſhe had vented; ſhe diſtributed to us theſe words:

Never was I yet in the Turret of felicitie, but I have ſtumbled, and fell to the pit of adverſitie: *Antaxius*, in the Iſland of *Citherea* luſtfully expects me; and here, if I continue, the Furie *Lacemon* will overtake me; O whither ſhall I flie for ſafetie? my pitie would not ſuffer me to retain her in ignorance, wherefore I related *Antaxius* death: her ſilence ſeemed to condemn me of raſhneſs, for granting him no time of repentance; but my excuſe was prevented by the ragefull coming of *Lacemon*, who with eyes ſparkling, and Armour ſtained with bloud, an Emblem of the Tragedie

die he had committed, holding in his right hand a ſpear, and a ſhield in his left, he muſtered up to us; we nothing dreading, but *Urania*'s trembleing, with our ſtaves, weak inſtruments (as he imagined) to reſiſt him, made towards him: he diſdaining *Claius* age, and my youth, exerciſed neither vigilance to withſtand our blows, nor ſtrength to repay them: I vexed at his ſo ſlight regard of my valour, and perſwading *Claius* to retire to *Urania*, who willingly yielded to my counſel; I renewed the incounter, and with ſuch fierceneſs, that *Lacemon* was forced to ſtand on his own defence; his want of experience might be the cauſe of his overthrow; for I am certain I can boaſt but of little that cauſed it, though the fortune of my blows proved fatal to him, thruſting him off his horſe, and beating out his brains: his life was ſo hatefull, that his death was welcomed

comed by moſt, and commiſerated of none: *Urania* highly commended my action, too large a recompence for ſo poor a deſert, yet I thanked the Gods for giving me ſuch ſucceſs as ſhe thought worthie of her acceptance; and waiting upon her to the Iſland of *Citherea*, by the way ſhe yielded to our requeſt, gracefully delivering theſe words.

The motions of this world I cannot comprehend, but with confuſion, ſo unexpectedly do they ſurprize me, *Antaxius* by *Lalus* inſtigations, truſted to the Seas fidelitie, your compulſion forcing them to deceive him, in whoſe baniſhment I ſent a Letter to you, wherein I acknowledged your ſincere affection, and by all the ties of virtuous friendſhip, conjured you not to denie me your Counſel or Companie in my extremitie; and happening to repoſe my ſelf upon the Clifts, my harmleſs Sparrow I ſet down at a little

little distance from me, learning it to come at my inducement, the prettie fool, with shivering wings aspired to mount towards me; but the Tyger *Lacemon*, or Monster, for his disposition could never pretend to humanitie, being prepared in a readiness to commit such a treacherous act, came from a darksom hole, suitable to his practises, and seized on me and my Sparrow for Prisoners, and conveying us to his provided Boat, we were sailed over, and by him conducted to this Countrey of *Arcadia*, where in a Cave he hath enclosed me: and perceiving, that I consorted with my Bird, and delighted in its Innocencie, a virtue which he mortally detested, he unmercifully murdered it, lingeringly tormenting it to death, whilst my Sparrow with its dying looks, seemed to check me, for enduring its sufferance without resistance: thus he endeavoured to terrifie me with his cruel-

crueltie, but if it were poſſible, it made me more enflamed to withſtand his aſſaults; neither threats, nor intreaties were wanting to tempt me to his baſe deſires, but I abſolutely refuſed him, till neceſſitie perſwaded me to trie the effect of Policie.

His own reports ſignifying *Phalantus Helena*, the Queen of *Corinths* Brothers defiance to the *Arcadian* Knights, his Lance willing to defend his Miſtreſs *Sorteſia*'s beautie againſt other Champions; I counterfeited earneſtneſs to *Lacemon*, in exerciſing his skill to purchaſe my glorie: he puffed up with hopes of future ſucceſs, conſidering it was the firſt time that I had imployed him, and ſo publicklie, with all expedition, haſted to the lodge with my Picture, where by a thruſt from off his horſe, he was made to leave my Picture to reverence *Sortaſia*'s ſurpaſſing one; with a cloudie ſoul, he returned to me, I being

ing compaſſed to ſtay within his bounds, ſo manie bars and bolts fruſtrating my eſcape; but by his muttering I diſcerned his diſcontent, an humour that beſt ſuited his condition: I ſtrictly examined concerning my Pictures triumph, and his Fortune, he ſtudying to delude me, replied, That buſineſs of importance had enforced *Biſilius* to defer the challenge for awhile, out of which regard, he, by the example of other Noble Perſonages, reſigned up my Picture to the cuſtodie of the Governor of *Baſilius* lodge, and ſhould be extremelie well pleaſed, if I would vouchſafe him my companie into the freſh aire; few perſwaſions ſerved to remove me from that ſtifling cave, beſides the hopes that I relied upon of your encountering *Lacemon*; but little imagined the Shepherd *Lalus* would be the firſt; kind *Lalus*! it was the leaſt of my thoughts of thy

ſo

ſo chearfullie looſing thy life for the preſervation of mine; for when *Lacemon* had with boaſtings, for not being overcome by any of his ſubjected Rivalls, brought me near the confines of *Arcadia*, ſwelling with pride, his rough Arms rudely ſtriving with me: then it was that *Lalus* ſuccoured me with his own fatal ruine: for though I was by *Lacemon* deſguiſed, by his ſuggeſtion, I knowing no other ſigne, he diſcovered me to be *Urania*: his deſire to reſcue me from *Lacemon*, extinguiſhed the reprehenſion of his own eminent danger, his courage, though exceeding *Lacemons*, yet his ſtrength and ſhield was far inferior to him, in the heat of the blows, before conqueſt, was decided on either ſide; I fled from dreadfull *Lacemon*,

His ſpeedie purſuance after me, might be a means to preſerve *Lalus* life, yet I doubt it, *Lacemons* bloudie

Armour

Armour prenominating his wicked action. But I proteſt, that I had rather my skin ſhould imitate *Pan's*, and my complexion *Vulcan's*, than that any one Tragedie ſhould be committed in its defence.

Fountains running from *Urania's* ſparkling eyes, ſtopped the remainder of her ſpeech. *Lalus* being my aſſured Rival, mitigated very much my ſorrow for him. However, leſt I ſhould forfeit *Urania's* favour, I ſeemed ſad, yet ſtrived with it, that I might be a more acceptable inſtrument to moderate hers. Neither was *Claius* negligent in his love, but with Rhetorical ſpeeches he ſought to win on her affections; and the Iſland of *Cithaera* in awhile flouriſhed with her adored Goddeſs. Her Parents in heavenly raptures welcomed home their deareſt Daughter, keeping her watchfully under their eyes, and jealous of our depriving them of her the

ſecond time, though we had ſafely delivered her into their hands. And *Urania* her ſelf ſuſpecting our often reſorting to her, might redound to her prejudice, made excuſes to abandon our companie. But death in a ſhort time appeared in his viſage to *Urania*'s Parents, carrying them to the Elizian fields: ſhe then having the libertie to diſpoſe of her ſelf, which ſhe with confinement did, not delighting in the Paſtorals, nor yet in our ſocietie, until this happie Day was nominated. And now great Princes, I humbly beſeech you to pardon this my tedious Relation.

The Princes courteouſly declared *Strephon* to be worthieſt of *Urania*, the particulars of his exploits witneſing it. *Baſilius* on that day preferring him in his Court, honouring him with Knighthood, and both he and his Ladie *Urania* lived in great reputation with all, obtaining love and eſteem

eſteem from the ſtateſieſt Cedar to loweſt ſhrub.

But when *Cynthia* drew her curtains, cammanding the Princes to hide themſelves within their Pavilions, and they retiring to obey her; juſt then an unuſual voice ſounded to them, and cloſe behind it ruſhed in *Lalus* the Shepherd: anger compoſed with reverence beſet him, both being ſo officious, that reverence environed Paſſion within the compaſſe of civilitie, and Paſſion allowed Reverence to ſhew a prettie decent behaviour, though not affected; both dying cheeks with ruddineſs, whileſt he applying his ſpeech to *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* ſpake to this purpoſe:

Great Princes, I will not preſume to queſtion your Juſtice, but your knowledge. It was I that gave *Lacemon* his deaths wound. *Strephon* did but leſſen his torments by quick diſpatching him when he fled from me,

pretending *Urania* was his onely happineſs that he deſired to enjoy, and not my blond

The Princes certifying *Lalus*, that other arguments enjoyned them to beſtow *Urania* on *Strephon*, they left him, but not ſo diſconſolate for *Urania*'s loſs, as to keep his eloquence from courting other Shepherdeſſes, in as high a degree as ever he did her. But aged *Claius*, having wreſtled with death all the night, not that he deſired to live, but unwilling to leave off calling on *Urania*, bleſſed *Urania*! yet in the morning he was overcome, reſigning up his breath with her name in his mouth. *Baſilius* had him ſumptuouſly buried, and *Maſidorus* cauſed a famous Monument to be built in his memorie. On the top of it, before the Sun had fully dried it, there was found *Philiſides* the deſpairing Shepherd dead, yet not by other practices than a deep melancholly that

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over-prested his heart: these lines were engraven on a stone that lay by him. *Judge not uncharitably, but believe the expression of a dying man. No poysonous draught have I tasted of, nor any self-murdering instruments have I used to shorten my miserable life: for by the authoritie of the Gods, the time of my end was concealed from all but my self. I am sure it came not unwished for, for why should I live to be despised of her, whom above all the world I honoured? I will forbear to name her, because my Reval shall not triumph in my death, nor yet condemn me for coveting so rare a Person. My ambition is to have the tears of the* Arcadian *Beauties shed at my Funeral, & sprinkled on my Hearse; and when my bodie is so magnificently embalmed, let it be interred with* Clalus *two Lovers, both finishing their lives for their Mistresses sakes, his is publickly known to be* Urania, *my Breast is the Cabinet*

where

where mine is fixed, and if you rip that open, you will find it; though perhaps not so perfect as I could wish it were, the Cabinet melting into tears for its unkindness. And now farewel all the world, and I beseech the Divine Powers to bind Cupids *hands from wounding, unless he have a certain salve to cure them.*

Thus died *Philisides*, his Will being faithfully performed by the Princes and the beauteous Princesses, with *Urania* and other prettie Shepherdesses, needing no imprecations faithfully bemoan his death, burying him with plentie of tears.

Thus were there Nuptials finished with sadness. But before the solemnities were quite over, there came more Princes that had partaken of the benefit of *Musidorus* and *Pyrocle's* valour, with Presents of gratitude for their Brides, *Pamela* and *Philoclea*. Then after all Ceremonies accomplished

pliſhed, they retired ſeverally to their flouriſhing Kingdoms of *Theſſalia* and *Macedon*, and *Armenia*, with *Corinth*, where they increaſed in riches, and were fruitfull in their renowned Families. And when they had ſufficiently participated of the pleaſures of this world, they reſigned their Crowns to their lawfull Succeſſours, and ended their days in Peace and Quietneſs.

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